

The Listener

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Imperial War Museum

General de Gaulle today becomes President of the Fifth French Republic and drives in ceremony to the Arc de Triomphe to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior. He is seen here at the Arc de Triomphe in August 1944, on his return to Paris as leader of the Free French, after the city had been liberated from the Germans

The Responsibilities of Big Business

By Sir Jock Campbell

Dr. Marx and Dr. Zhivago

By Alasdair MacIntyre

The Philosophy of Samuel Alexander

By Dorothy Emmet

The Courts and the Press

By T. B. Smith

The Ninth Year in Peking

By C. P. FitzGerald

The Moral Philosophy of Sartre

By Mary Warnock



the things they say!



Hello! Where did you drop in from?

I've just got in from Malaya. I.C.I. has a lot of customers out there. I've been giving them a hand with some of their problems.

Does a company as big as I.C.I. really care about customers' problems — surely they're content to make a sale and collect the cash?

Not at all! We want only *satisfied* customers, and each of our manufacturing Divisions operates a Technical Service organisation, staffed by specialists, to be sure that our products give the performance we claim and the customer expects. Many of the I.C.I. companies overseas provide a similar service of their own.



Can anyone get this service?

Yes; and if any I.C.I. company abroad wants an expert from the U.K. to help solve some particularly knotty problem, we send one.

You surprise me. Operating a service like this at home and abroad must cost I.C.I. a packet.

Roughly one and a half million pounds a year. But look at the results! By keeping the highest quality standards and backing our products with this sort of Technical Service, we've built up not only a huge trade in the home market but export business worth over £76,000,000 a year.



The Listener

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The Responsibilities of Big Business

By SIR JOCK CAMPBELL

SOMEONE wrote to *The Times* the other day to complain that a government department, in requiring that a form should be certified by 'a responsible person', had defined 'a responsible person' on the back of the form as being 'Senior Officers of the Fighting Forces; Civil Servants; Members of either House of Parliament; Judges, Magistrates, Barristers and Solicitors; Clergymen; Doctors; or Bank Officials' (not, I was tickled to notice, directors of a bank). 'I am chairman and managing director of a public company', indignantly added the writer of the letter. 'Why should I not be regarded as "a responsible person"?'

But—with respect to his indignation—I think that we directors and managers of industry and commerce have to make up our minds for what we are responsible and to whom, before we can expect society to regard us as 'responsible people'. Responsible for what and to whom?

Mr. Theodore Levitt in his broadcast talk* was uncompromising in his view that 'the business of business is making money'. 'The governing rule in industry should be', he said, 'that something is good only if it pays'. 'In the end business has only two responsibilities', he said, 'to obey the elementary canons of everyday civility (honesty, good faith, and so on) and to seek material gain'. (The 'and so on' seems to me the most sublime begging of every conceivable question of the social responsibilities of industry and commerce.) If in fact this is *all* that business men regard themselves as being responsible for, it seems hardly surprising that society refuses to regard them as 'responsible people'—or indeed to take them very seriously at all. According to the doctrine

of Levitt-y, I suspect—without claiming to be an expert on the economics of either—that a brothel is better than a baker's shop: a form of criteria scarcely likely to endear business to society.

Now I am happy to think that most modern British business men would have parted company with Mr. Levitt fairly early in his argument. Nevertheless, I am sure that far too few have clearly thought out—or thought through—the sanctions of their responsibilities. I must admit that Mr. Levitt, however provocatively, forces us to face one of the most significant issues of our time: how is big business to be accountable to society and at the same time to be kept alive and kicking—or if not kicking at least on its toes? From my point of view, as a business man, big business must work out a sensitive and flexible attitude towards its tremendous range of responsibilities and obligations. Otherwise it can only blunder blindly between narrow commercialism and the blowzy role of 'The Business Bountiful'.

In tackling these problems we get little help from dons and politicians, and less from industry itself. And Mr. Levitt never bothers at all with the all-important question 'responsible to whom?' The stock reply is, of course, that managers of businesses are responsible to the shareholders who are, 'after all'—and the words 'after all' are always spoken in inverted commas—the owners of the business; responsible to the shareholders for making fair profits for them by virtue of the greatest possible industrial and commercial efficiency and the highest productivity in the interests of society compatible with the fair treatment and welfare of employees.

* THE LISTENER, November 27

You will notice that the British business man introduces the concept of 'fairness' in respect of both profits and employees, also 'welfare', also 'the interests of society'. But, while Mr. Levitt's 'elementary canons of everyday civility' might embrace 'fairness', he expressly excludes 'welfare' and 'the interests of society'. Even so, 'fairness', 'welfare', and 'the interests of society' beg nearly as many questions as Mr. Levitt's parenthetical 'and so on'.

A Matter of Motives

It is certainly true that big businesses nowadays in this country and in North America—indeed all over the world—vie with each other for public recognition of their efforts for the welfare of their employees and for the general welfare of society. But what are their motives and are they clearly thought out? Here for a time I come perilously close to agreeing with Mr. Levitt. I hope, however, I shall be able to make it clear that this is largely coincidental; and that I shall emerge in profound disagreement with his premises, his reasoning, and his conclusions.

First there can be paternalism—the egotistical desire of management to regard themselves as the fathers of 'one big happy family'. This, apart from being quite out of place in a business organization and thoroughly impertinent, has the great danger of encouraging management to invade the private lives of their fellow employees. Over 100 years ago Macaulay wrote: 'Nothing is so galling to people . . . as a paternalistic or in other words, a meddling Government which tells them what to read and see and eat and drink and wear'. For 'Government' read 'management'. Then the motive of public patronage and power—to the glory of the Directors'. This is a false god if ever there was one. Exploitation of shareholders and employees to build a pedestal for the Tin God of Industry.

Then there is the motive that Mr. Levitt describes rather well as big business 'fighting for its survival by means of a series of strategic retreats which masquerade as industrial statesmanship'. I am afraid that a good many of the good works of industry are for the purpose of 'tempering the wind to the shorn lamb'. I suppose that business men with this motive would look upon the Welfare State and the trade unions as the leading shearers of the lamb. And if Mr. Levitt is right that the only responsibility of business is to make money—and that the fight must be fought as he puts it 'above all not piously'; then it seems to me that the trade unions have every right to regard their only responsibility as getting every penny they can out of the employers—as shearing the lamb of industry to its skeleton. To hell, like Mr. Levitt, with the interests of society. And goodness me, the trade unions won't fight the fight piously either!

Finally, there is the motive occasioned by the fact that business men who have not clearly thought out where their responsibilities lie tend to have queasy consciences about what they are doing; and so in their good deeds—profligate with other people's work and money—they are seeking their passports to heaven.

Fulfilling Human Needs

These false motives for welfare are the main burden of Mr. Levitt's whole criticism of what he calls 'the seductive dangers of total welfare corporations'. But *he* reached the conclusion that therefore business must cut out welfare and concentrate only on material gain. I reach precisely the opposite conclusion—that businesses exist only to fulfil human needs and social responsibilities; but that they must get their purposes and motives clear and their perspectives right. Put simply, I believe that industries and businesses are groups of people combined together to produce wealth, provide services and distribute goods; that in so doing they generate employment; that their managers must recognize, balance, and efficiently fulfil responsibilities to shareholders, fellow-employees, customers, and the community.

I take as my starting point the fact that businesses, shareholders, customers, and communities can none of them be disembodied; or even disentangled. Not only are they all human beings—even the shareholders—they are over and over again the *same* human beings. The employees of, say, a confectionery manufacturing company—from the chairman to the newest recruit on the shop floor—combine being part of the business as employees. They

and their wives and families are almost certainly customers of the business, and they are certainly members of the community in which the business exists. As such they are vitally affected by the practical, moral, and aesthetic behaviour of the business. The conflicts between the demands of family and factory; the beauty or ugliness of the factory; the nuisances of smoke and factory effluent, or the benefits of their abatement; the prosperity of the business, or its having hard times; all these affect *people*—whether as employees or as customers or as members of the community.

This is why it is so silly to think and talk of businesses as though they were monstrous machines over against the rest of society. And so dangerous too; because it can lead not only to the monolithic clash between trade unions and the state and big businesses. It can also lead to the managers of business, and their political and intellectual antagonists, and experts like Mr. Levitt, behaving as though there is an ultimate conflict of interest between the business seeking only profits and efficiency and productivity, and the community seeking truth, beauty, and goodness. And as though human relationships and social responsibilities are something that business can *have or not have* at will—whereas of course human relationships and social responsibilities, good or bad, are always there; they are facts of life.

These distinctions do not exist—as Mr. Levitt presents them—if a business is recognized not as a disembodied economic entity—but as a combination of people with all the virtues and shortcomings of people: people all forming at the same time the business, many of the customers of the business, and an important part of the community in which it must flourish or fail.

Profits, productivity, and efficiency are not ends in themselves. If they were it could well be argued that ruthless communism is a far less imperfect method than ruthless capitalism for attaining efficiency and productivity—in which case profits become irrelevant. But if, as I believe, the purposes of business are human and its responsibilities social, then efficiency

(continued on page 71)

'THE LISTENER'

next week will be a

TRAVEL BOOK NUMBER

The contents will include articles on:

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| The Market for Moonshine | By Peter Fleming |
| England | By W. G. Hoskins |
| Scotland | By Sir Steven Runciman |
| Wales | By W. Vaughan-Thomas |
| France | By D. W. Brogan |
| Italy | By Sylvia Sprigge |
| Greece | By Francis King |
| Spain | By Sir Charles Petrie |
| Switzerland | By Sir Gavin de Beer |
| Scandinavia | By Miss Mark Anthony |
| Austria | By Alan Pryce-Jones |
| Germany | By W. D. Robson-Scott |
| Czechoslovakia | By Anthony Rhodes |

The Ninth Year in Peking

By C. P. FITZGERALD

WE will overtake Britain in fifteen years', proclaims one of the most conspicuous slogans now displayed on the hoardings of Peking. The slogan, moreover, is illustrated with a gay poster showing the Chinese people embarked in a gilded and elaborately carved Dragon Boat, silken banners streaming in the breeze, while in the distance John Bull, standing on the deck of an ill-found and antiquated sailing vessel, close to the rocks, gazes through a telescope with awe and alarm at the approaching Chinese argosy. The treatment is entirely in the Chinese artistic tradition: curly clouds, conventional waves, and fluttering birds.

In two ways this slogan and poster exemplify the mood of China in the Ninth Year, the ninth year of the People's Republic. Bounding confidence, bordering indeed on arrogance, at the rate of industrialization and technical achievement, goes hand in hand with a new and sharply nationalist tone. Symbols and motifs, such as the dragon, which only two years ago would have been looked upon as reactionary, feudalistic, and archaic, are now once more in favour, put to work, like everything else in China, for the speedier attainment of the great goals, industrialization, modernization, communism. Work, incessant, continuous work, without holidays, for long hours: as in Britain during the war, this hard life is accepted as a necessity, a sacrifice which will in time bring a great reward.

The population as a whole, both urban and rural, is better clad, in sound and adequate garments, even if they lack style and beauty. People are well fed; food, in fact, is extremely cheap,

even if a varied diet is not always possible. Sweet potatoes, having been overproduced or unusually abundant, are now sold in Peking at a price which enables a family to buy all they could possibly eat in a month for less than ten cents. On the other hand, you cannot get certain foods at all on the market, since they have been held back to force the population to consume those which are



'The Chinese have launched a vast programme to make steel on a nation-wide basis': women of Hsinyang, Honan Province, smelting iron ore

in excessive supply. This familiar measure of war economy is accepted as such philosophically, without complaint. The evidences of industrial progress and modernization, conspicuous on all sides, may not as yet mean to the average man any startling improvement in his standard of living, but they are taken as a proof that this improvement is coming and that he will live to see that day.

Meanwhile, in this ninth year, the emphasis lies on hard work and austerity. The lighting of the Peking streets has been cut down to save power for industry; the streets are empty soon after dark in any case, for most people are too tired by their long day to want to go out at night. Friends rarely find time to visit each other; even the opera is now often not fully booked, and seats can easily be obtained. How long can such an intense drive last? Clearly already it is telling upon the elderly and the frail. Some professional men who were well enough two years ago are now convalescing after breakdowns, which it is hardly



A home for the aged in Suicheng People's Commune, Hopei Province

denied are due to overwork. But all this is the ninth year; next year is the tenth anniversary of the People's Republic, and it is intended to mark that occasion with prodigies of achievement.

If Britain cannot be overtaken in time for this event, at least an enormous programme of construction and improvement is to be rushed to completion so that Peking can be shown to the thousands of visitors invited for the celebrations as a modern and magnificent city. Fifteen years to match and surpass the industrial production of Britain: no mean task, yet in the estimation of many western observers likely to be attained. But how many more years to match America, or (which is perhaps the real aim) to outstrip Russia and thus qualify for the unchallenged position of leader of the Communist world. Here the new nationalism marches abreast with the drive for greater industrial production. Two years ago one was always told, 'the Soviet experts taught us this process, installed this plant, designed this bridge'. Now the story is a little different: 'The original idea came from the Soviet experts, but Professor Wang from Peking University, or Mr. Wu, a fourth-year science student, has improved on the old method, and now we use a new one developed in China'. (Faint echoes of old China; Outer Barbarians, inherently inferior to the sons of Han.)

East Germans Replacing Russians

It would be exaggerating the trend to say that the Chinese are almost ready to kiss the Soviet experts goodbye, but there is a marked tendency to bring in East Germans to replace Russians. East Germany is only a fragment of a country, politically powerless, but good engineers, scientists, and other experts come from there, they are obedient and helpful workers, make no claims and air no graces, and are in every way fitted to help the People's Republic over some awkward obstacles.

Steel production is the key index to industrial progress, and the Chinese, aware that in this matter they are still far behind, have launched a vast programme to make steel on a nation-wide basis. This may seem fantastic, but the methods need examination. In every street, almost in every backyard in Peking, and no doubt in all other cities too, there has been set up a group of clay and brick furnaces, fired with coal, and devoted to melting down scrap-iron.

At night Peking, otherwise rather unlit, is bright with the glow of these furnaces; children scour the streets, tins in hand, collecting rusty nails. House-to-house investigations to locate any piece of old ironware are conducted by students and volunteers on Sundays. The output of such furnaces is small; but they are numbered by tens of thousands; they produce pig-iron which is railed to the steel mills. In the country the national game of iron smelting reaches even more extravagant proportions. Along the main line south from Peking, for a hundred miles, and probably much more, no space is vacant; the unused strip of land by the side of the track is covered with small clay blast furnaces. Coal is tipped out from railway trucks, iron ore is brought down to rail-side by country carts from the nearby mountains, an immense army of men, women, and adolescents works in shifts, day and night, smelting ore, building furnaces, pulling down those which, after a brief six days, are no longer serviceable.

Agricultural Workers Making Iron

The agricultural year in north China ended with the end of October; there was a record, bumper harvest. Normally the peasants would have no work to do till spring, when the ground is thawed out. But this year they are making iron; carting it from the hills, quarrying the ore, smelting it by the railway side. The pig-iron so produced is shipped away to steel mills at the great cities, but an immense transportation of crude ore is saved. Many of the quarries would be too small to work commercially, and there is in this extraordinary enterprise careful calculation of how to use marginal resources so as to increase production for the great leap forward. The campaign was only started in the spring of this year, and while labour was needed for agriculture it could not be fully carried out, but in the three months tens of thousands, probably millions, of men will be making iron in individually small, even minute quantities, yet in aggregate an enormous production.

By these means of total mobilization of the labour force, concentration on projects which provide key materials, China hopes to overtake Britain in fifteen years; and by other plans, now coming into action, she expects to lead the whole Communist world in social experiment, and to achieve actual working models of Communist life, the People's Communes.

Hsu Shui, a hundred miles south of Peking, is the model commune, to which all visitors are taken, Chinese intellectuals as well as foreign journalists, diplomats, and travellers. The centre is an old county walled city, much ruined during the last war. It embraces two counties, nearly 1,000,000 people. All these, one was assured, are now on the supply system for the four necessities. That is to say, in return for their labour they receive food, clothing, housing, and education for their children. Beyond these requirements the supply system does not at present reach. Money wages are paid in addition to meet the other human needs. But it is hoped that before many years have passed this archaic survival of the capitalist world can also be eliminated.

It must be recognized that the supply of the four necessities has been thoroughly and well done. The population are warmly clad, in the traditional padded clothes and sheepskin overcoats. They look well fed; no signs of the pot-bellies of malnutrition among the children, nor the drawn pale skin of underfed adults. Villages have been repaired; there are no ruinous cottages and there are many new buildings. Schools exist in these villages, but an observer cannot say whether in fact all children attend them. Freed from the need to feed, clothe, and shelter themselves, the peasants of the commune are still freer to work for the community. Obviously labour can accomplish more even if, on this the model commune, there are still few machines, tractors, or other mechanical aids. But there are some: small steam donkey-engines produced in the north-east are at work in all these villages, grinding corn, supplying electric light (in the hours when corn grinding is over), working the blast fans on the iron furnaces. A few years ago there would not have been one machine of any kind in such villages.

Land, already two years ago united in co-operative farms, is now the property of the commune, which through its committee elected by the co-operative farm committees, runs the entire local government.

'Happy Homes for the Aged'

Much more than this is intended. Mothers are to be relieved of the burden of looking after their children, who will spend their lives, from an early age, in kindergartens and schools, returning home for one night each week. The very old will no longer need to be supported by their adult sons and grandsons. 'Happy homes for the aged' will be provided in which they can pass their last years, no burden to their families. Such institutions actually exist in Hsu Shui, but they are as yet only pioneer models, recruited on a voluntary basis. The 'happy home for the aged' contains precisely eight old people, none of whom have any living children or grandchildren to care for them. The forty children in the kindergarten, all about six years old, well fed, clothed, and cheerful, clearly do not represent the total number of pre-school children in a village of several thousands of inhabitants.

In other villages, the children were still, as of old, happily playing in the dusty street. Nevertheless, even if some of its planned institutions are still rudimentary, Hsu Shui is a portent. It is proclaimed as the model all China must soon copy. Yet even the ardent supporters of the régime cannot say how such a programme can be applied to great cities. Is a street to be a commune? Or a profession? If the former, there will be no common ground among the chance collection of members; if the latter, there will be no local character to what could be, in effect, a professional association.

It is not difficult to understand how such a system can come into being in a place like Hsu Shui. This town and district were in the war a kind of no-man's-land. Occupied by the Japanese one week, by the Communist guerrillas the next, a place from which all the wealthy, and educated people had long since fled, without government, a constant battlefield. The peasants, abandoned to their own resources, co-operated against the enemy, collaborated with the guerrillas, seized the land and ran their own community. It was the first district to create co-operative farms;

they came naturally to these people. Now they are in the first commune, another easy transition. Still, even if it is only rural communism, it is without question an experiment which has disconcerted the Communist observers from eastern Europe. 'I could not publish this story at home', remarked a Polish correspondent.

The question is naturally asked in Peking to what end this project is directed; is it primarily a means of organizing the peasant labour force to industrial as well as agricultural purposes, and therefore proper for the countryside but inapplicable in cities; or is it first and foremost an ideological exercise, an attempt to realize the full doctrine of Marx, and establish communism in one great leap forward; to realize the classless society and even the withering away of the state? For if the communes are to be self-governing units, responsible for all services, industry and agriculture, education and local security, the functions of the central government will be much reduced. It is possible that the formerly poverty stricken peasantry of north China are well content with a system which gives them food, clothing, and shelter, and asks no more hard work in return than they had previously to devote to earning a precarious living. The generation which

remembers the evils of the old system will not quickly forget them, and will be content with the benefits they have received, meagre though these may be. But the next generation of commune-bred children will expect this much as their natural right, and being human will soon demand much more. It will be the task of the great programme of industrialization to see that these demands are satisfied, at least in part.

In the ninth year China is confident of her growing power, her increasing influence in Asia, and this confidence is manifested in an attitude of indifference to foreign opinion, a pride in the achievements of the régime and a new nationalist tone which treats even the eastern European experts with a shade of condescension.—*Third Programme*

Since the talk by C. P. FitzGerald was written, the Chinese Communist Party has announced (on December 18) a 'slowing-up' of the tempo of organization and work in the rural communes. Members are to keep personal property, animals, and tools. The dormitory system is to be curtailed. Collective labour must not exceed twelve hours a day. The formation of communes in the cities is not to go ahead, except on a purely experimental basis.

The Courts and the Press

By T. B. SMITH

IN Italy, during the recent war, we used Military Government currency embellished with a device representing the 'Four Freedoms'. One day I asked my driver if he knew what they were. After some hesitation, he replied: 'Freedom from work, freedom from thought, freedom from religion, and freedom from speech'. I was silenced effectively, and only regretted that it was not the padre who had put the question.

On reflection, however, perhaps there is, in fact, room for a 'freedom from speech' as well as 'freedom of speech'. There may be a time for speech, and a time for reticence. Though the means of publicity have grown enormously in scope and power, the law has given inadequate protection against increasing invasions of citizens' privacy. Even if there is a mass demand for news regarding the fears, the griefs, the anxieties, the loves and the shames of men and women, this appetite is not necessarily healthy; and, if the camera cannot lie, compassion is surely a virtue as well as truth. On the other hand, 'freedom' of the press—which is to be distinguished from 'licence'—is an essential institution in democracy: the freedom to publish all matters, however unpleasant, with which the public should properly be concerned. It is not easy to determine what the precise limits of this freedom should be, and this great problem can be considered here only in the restricted context of judicial proceedings.

At What Stage Should the Press Comment?

It can scarcely be disputed that the public interest is closely concerned with the administration of justice, civil and criminal. In general, full and fair reporting of judicial proceedings at the trial stage should be encouraged, and criticism of the machinery of justice should also be at least tolerated. On the other hand, it seems most undesirable that the press, or other organs of mass information, should be permitted to comment on, or give publicity to, matters which, after the initiation of proceedings, might impair fair trial.

The main problem is to define what scope should be given to the press in reporting the criminal process from the stage of investigation and arrest of the suspected person until his trial ends with acquittal or condemnation. It may, however, also be mentioned in passing, that the press may promote the public interest in the efficient administration of justice in a more general sense. Thus, it may compel the prosecuting authorities of the state to take action in situations which they find embarrassing—as when stimulation of public indignation through the press compels proceedings against some overpowerful or influential individual, who has flouted or corrupted the law. Again, on rare occasions when

the law has erred, writers of independent mind have secured the reconsideration of unjust sentences. But for the courage of men such as Zola in France, and Conan Doyle in Britain—persisting in their stirring of the public conscience—is it likely that Dreyfus or Oscar Slater would have been cleared of the charges for which they had suffered so many years of imprisonment and disgrace?

To return, however, to the role of the press in 'covering' criminal procedure from investigation until verdict, it is obvious that in legal systems, where issues of guilt and innocence are determined by juries and not by judges, special care must be taken to avoid any publicity which might prejudice a fair trial. There is, however, no standard generally accepted even in Britain and America, for example, as to what the press may publish and when they may publish it.

The problem of free press and fair trial might be approached by stressing certain apparent distinctions. First of all, one might balance the advantages and dangers of hearing preliminary investigations in public on the one hand, or in private on the other. If it seemed desirable to hear such pre-trial investigations in open court, then it would be material to consider whether or not proceedings at that stage should be reported in the press, so that the public at large could read them—including members of the public who might later be required to serve on the jury at the actual trial. If it was thought desirable to allow the press to report pre-trial procedure, the next point to decide might well be whether, generally speaking, factual reporting and comment should be allowed at this stage, or factual reporting alone.

The distinction between the effects of factual reporting and press comment is not necessarily absolute. If a fair and accurate report of a pre-trial hearing is published, an inference of guilt may be drawn which is unjustified in fact. Even the intelligent layman is not always aware that at committal proceedings before the examining justices in England, usually only the prosecution's case is stated, and evidence for the defence is not called.

Control of Pre-trial Publicity

Though all jurisdictions within the United Kingdom welcome fair and accurate reporting of actual criminal trials—except when considerations of decency or public security make the details unfit for publication—each jurisdiction construes differently the scope which should be allowed to the press. Most strict in its control of pre-trial publicity is the law of Scotland. In Scotland, the decision whether to prosecute at all rests with the Lord Advocate, who is assisted in the Crown Office by the Solicitor General for Scotland, and by the Advocates-Depute whom he has appointed.

Considerable discretion is delegated to the Procurators Fiscal, who are public prosecutors and investigators of crime in each Sheriffdom. Detection and prosecution of crime in Scotland are both essential functions of public officers. When a suspect is brought before the territorial judge—the Sheriff—after arrest, this procedure, which takes place privately in Chambers, is designed to ensure that the proper formalities have been observed for securing the rights of suspected persons, and does not involve any judicial assessment of the evidence. Even after the suspect has been committed for trial by the Sheriff, further investigation is quasi-inquisitorial, and thus there is no 'pre-trial hearing' which could be reported. In Scotland the press is permitted to publish before the trial only the bare facts that a named person has been arrested and has appeared before the Sheriff, charged with a particular crime, and that he has been committed for trial.

Method of the Scottish Courts

Even in eighteenth-century works on Scottish criminal law, it appears that the courts were prepared to punish any 'practices to the prejudice of fair trial'. These still include all publicity which might influence the public, and thus perhaps members of the jury, in favour of, or against, an accused. The law seeks to ensure that the jury which tries a prisoner will come to the court without any preliminary impressions on the case whatsoever. As in time the press has come within the reach of every member of the community, restrictions on the publication of matter which might influence fair trial have become increasingly strict. In 1953, the late Lord Justice-General of Scotland re-emphasized that, 'once a person has been apprehended and committed for trial, the function of the press in commenting upon the guilt of the accused and the nature of the charge is, at least for the time being, at an end'.¹ In Scotland, as has been observed, pre-trial investigations are not judicial proceedings, take place in private, and cannot be reported. Comment on a pending trial is absolutely forbidden, and the prohibition extends to any form of publicity which might influence the minds of persons actually concerned in the trial.

Thus, in May 1958, Peter Manuel was tried and convicted in Glasgow on an indictment charging him with a series of brutal murders. Shortly before the trial began, one newspaper published a photograph of the accused. Counsel for the defence protested strongly regarding this publication, as it was obviously calculated to influence the minds of witnesses, who had to give vital evidence on the issue of identification. The presiding judge, Lord Cameron, after commenting strongly on the conduct of the culpable newspaper, reported the matter to the prosecuting authorities in Scotland for appropriate action. In Scotland, therefore, it is apparent that the public interest to exclude all influences from the trial of an accused person takes precedence over other aspects of public interest in judicial proceedings. By contrast with the position in England, the Scottish solution to the problem of free press and fair trial has operated for generations to the general satisfaction of all concerned, and without attracting serious criticism.

The English System

The English system is very different. Before a suspect is committed for trial at all, the prosecution has to satisfy a Bench of Justices that there is a *prima facie* case. At this pre-trial hearing, before the examining justices, as a rule there is a statement only by the prosecution, and evidence for the prosecution alone is called. The accused usually reserves his defence, so that his side of the story is not disclosed at this stage. The hearing before the justices is in public, though they have a discretionary power, of which little use is made, to sit in private. At present the press has full liberty to report this pre-trial hearing, and not infrequently publish photographs of persons committed by the justices for trial. The dangers of the present English system, which has often been criticized, gave rise to particular public concern as a result of the dramatic change of situation at the trial in 1957 of Dr. John Bodkin Adams. It was felt by some that prejudice had been created against Dr. Adams in the public mind as the result of the publicity given to the pre-

trial hearing. It was difficult for those concerned in the trial itself to go into court, after reading certain newspaper reports, with an absolutely open mind. The adverse effects of the prejudice created by this pre-trial publicity were checked, on this occasion, by a masterly defence, by the judicial domination of proceedings by Mr. Justice Devlin, and by the production, at the trial itself, of documents which conflicted fundamentally with the oral evidence of certain prosecution witnesses. (It may be stressed that the liberty enjoyed by the press to report evidence led at the pre-trial hearing permits the publication of evidence which may be actually excluded when the trial itself takes place, or be discredited by testimony for the defence.)

English law has always disliked the administration of justice behind closed doors, and therefore permits, as has been explained, fair and accurate reporting, even of pre-trial proceedings. A different view is taken, however, of comment upon pending judicial proceedings. Thus, the English courts have acted vigorously in punishing and restraining actual comment prior to trial. In 1949 a newspaper was fined £10,000, and its editor imprisoned for three months, for alleging, while one Haigh was awaiting trial for murder, that he had dissolved other victims in acid baths.² Last year, moreover, two companies, which had distributed and sold in Britain an American publication, were convicted of contempt for 'publishing' matter prejudicial to Dr. John Bodkin Adams, who was, at the material time, indicted for murder. The fact that the accused companies, as mere distributors, did not actually know of the contents of the obnoxious publication, was held to be no defence to the charge of contempt.³

The general position in England, therefore, is that when investigations reach the stage of the pre-trial hearing they are conducted in public, and may be fully reported. Comment, as contrasted with reporting, is forbidden.

It may be thought, however, that, even without comment, pre-trial publicity can influence fair trial. Since 1953, in Northern Ireland, where criminal procedure generally is comparable with that of England, power is given to the examining Justices to forbid publication of statements made by the prosecutor, or publication of evidence led for the prosecution, if fair trial of the accused might otherwise be prejudiced. The power of the magistrates in Northern Ireland is to prohibit press reports of hearings held in public. This must not be confused with the discretionary power of the magistrates in England, which is little used, to hold the entire pre-trial hearing in private.

'Half-open Court'

As a result of criticisms directed against the present English system, after the acquittal of Dr. John Bodkin Adams, a departmental committee was set up under Lord Tucker, to investigate what publicity should be given to pre-trial procedure in England. In July of this year, the report of Lord Tucker's Committee on Proceedings before Examining Justices was published.⁴ The committee did not think it possible to establish whether or not, 'as had been widely believed', trials in England had in fact been prejudiced by press reports of pre-trial committal proceedings. They drew a clear distinction between the right of the press to report the actual trial and the right to report preliminary proceedings. Yet they did not favour the idea that the justices should normally sit in private, when deciding whether or not to commit an accused for trial. The solution which they proposed was that pre-trial proceedings should be public, but that, unless the accused was discharged, or until the trial had ended, reports should be restricted to a statement of the name of the accused, the charge, and the decision of the Court. *The Times* described this solution unenthusiastically as 'half-open court', and the recommendations of the Tucker Committee have been criticized by responsible newspapers as limiting unreasonably the freedom of the press. The press argument against the imposition of restrictions on reporting of pre-trial procedure was based on the view, expressed by Lord Goddard and other experienced lawyers, that when an English jury is entrusted with deciding on guilt or innocence, they can purge their minds of impressions created by newspaper reports they have read before going into court.

It is no doubt true that juries do their best to return a verdict on the evidence alone, yet it may be observed that many of the

¹ *MacAlister & Others v. Associated Newspapers*, 1954, S.L.T. 14, at p. 16. ² *R. v. Bolam*, ex p. Haigh (1949) 93 S.J. 220. ³ *R. v. Griffiths*, ex p. Att. Gen. (1957) 2 Q.B. 192. ⁴ Cmnd. 479

rules of evidence in England are designed to exclude from the knowledge of the jury information which might make it more difficult for them to keep an open mind. Further, English law at present forbids actual comment on pending proceedings, presumably lest it might prejudice fairness of trial. It might be thought that those called on to serve on a jury should not have their task of impartiality made more difficult by having to rid their minds of the impressions created by reading newspaper accounts of the prosecutor's case, as presented before the actual trial was decided on at all. Such, at all events, is the view we take in Scotland.

There are thus in the British Isles four different systems to consider, three of them in operation and the fourth merely a proposal. First, there is the Scottish system, which effectively secures complete privacy for the investigation and prevents the press reporting anything more than the bare facts of arrest and charge. Secondly, at the other extreme, there is the existing English system. Under this, at the preliminary investigation before the magistrates, the whole, or greater, part of the prosecution's case is normally presented in public, and newspapers are allowed to publish as full a report of this as they wish. Between these two extremes there lie the other two systems. Each of these consists basically of the present English system, with no alteration of the rule that a preliminary hearing before the magistrates will normally be conducted in public, but each imposes restrictions on press reports of that hearing. The Northern Ireland system achieves this by means of conferring a discretionary power on the magistrates, whereas the Tucker Committee has proposed

an automatic general prohibition on press reports of more than the name of the accused, the charge, and the decision.

Which of these systems is best? Each has its defects. The greater the secrecy the less opportunity is given for suppressing inaccurate rumours, and the smaller is the chance of an unknown witness perceiving before the trial that he may be able to give valuable evidence, and so come forward. Yet the greater the publicity, the greater may be the difficulty of assuring a fair trial. The problem is that familiar veteran, that of striking a balance of disadvantages; and the trouble is that these are imponderables. How often has publicity in fact unearthed an unknown witness, and how far has his evidence advanced the cause of justice? How much damage is caused to the prisoner in the minds of the jury by pre-trial publicity, and how often? And how successful are judges in counteracting any such damage? Are there such differences in tradition and outlook between England and Scotland as to explain altogether the diametrically opposed systems of the two countries? Would the system that has worked so well in Scotland for so long be as wrong in England as its critics maintain? Are the recommendations of the Tucker Committee the ideal solution for England, or should the Committee have gone farther or, alternatively, less far?

These are reflections that I must leave for you. As a Scotsman, I am well aware that my national legal system is not without its faults. I can claim, however, with sincerity, that with regard to pre-trial publicity, as in criminal procedure generally, the law of Scotland has probably achieved the best possible reconciliation of the public interest with the interests of the accused.

—Third Programme

The Revolution in Cuba

By J. HALCRO FERGUSON

TO many people in Britain the revolution in Cuba may sound like a routine operation. Latin America, to most British people, is a part of the world where revolutions are twopenny a dozen. This is a natural, but thoroughly unfair, attitude. Latin Americans are, in fact, no more revolutionary-minded than anybody else. Seventy per cent. of them are farmers or farm labourers, and even if they call themselves *estancieros*, *gauchos*, or *peons*, they are still as conservative-minded as anyone who works on the land.

In the towns in Latin America—Cuba included—most people are tram drivers, street cleaners, factory workers, and, in general, trade unionists. They are not very revolutionary-minded either. Then there is the large Latin American middle class, and they do not like revolutions either.

In that case, it may well be asked, why have there been so many so-called revolutions in South and Central America and the Caribbean? The answer is fairly simple. The early ones, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, were made by Spanish white settlers against the Mother Country's government, which at that time was controlled by Napoleonic France. During the nineteenth century, Latin American revolutions were private affairs among the descendants of the original Spanish settlers. Nobody, among the upper classes, who were still the landowners, got badly hurt. The middle class shopkeepers had to close their shops, and lost money. The people, the vast majority, white, Negro, Indian, and mixed, but all working class, did most of the fighting and gained nothing, although on almost every occasion the so-called revolution was made in their name.

What has just happened in Cuba is a part of a continent-wide revolt by these hitherto unconsidered people. In it they are backed by the young intellectuals, the Angry Young Men of whom Fidel Castro is both a symbol and a representative. He stands for twentieth-century Cuba. But not only for Cuba. He stands for a new Latin America.

Ten years ago there were roughly a dozen dictators on the other side of the Atlantic. On December 31 there were only four—General Fulgencio Batista of Cuba, General Stroessner

of Paraguay, General Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, and General Somoza, Junior (his father was assassinated) of Nicaragua. All these four belonged to the smaller Latin American countries, and today only three of them are left. Of the big countries, the former dictator of Brazil, Dr. Vargas, committed suicide when he realized that the trend was against him; Perón of Argentina was thrown out by a combination of the intellectuals, the Catholic Church, the universities, the business community, the civil service, and half of the trade unions, with the approval or neutrality of most of the armed forces.

The same combination, with the full support of the working classes, threw out the dictators of Colombia, and, exactly a year ago, Venezuela. All of these countries have had free and fair elections during the past year. So have Mexico, Uruguay, and Chile, which have been democratic for a long time. Cuba has now joined the company of Latin American democracies—even though it may be several weeks before she settles down to normal calm and peace. She has done it the hard way, because the former President, Fulgencio Batista, refused to pack it in until hundreds of Cubans had been killed and it had become evident that his tanks and aircraft had no hope against guerrilla fighters with strong feelings who had studied the tactics of the French *maquis* and the Yugoslav partisans. Castro's supporters had also shown wisdom in another way: unlike Eoka in Cyprus, they had—except in unusual circumstances—not taken the attitude that 'he who is not for us is against us'.

Batista, in his old-fashioned way, took a different view. But the well-paid army on which he depended did not go along with him. They refused to fire on non-combatant fellow-citizens, whatever their politics. As a result, Batista has had to flee to the only important dictatorship left in Latin America, that of Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, where he joins ex-President Perón of Argentina. For Latin America, like present-day Asia, accepted military rule along with freedom from colonial domination. It has now outgrown it, and Cuba is only the latest country to assert that it has grown up.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

The Listener

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June in January

IT is estimated that about three-quarters of a million people (and more on Saturdays) have been getting up in the pitch-dark of a winter morning to listen to the commentary on the Test matches at present being played in Australia. Two-and-a-half millions also listen to the summary of the day's cricket given at breakfast time. Soon the evening newspapers are on the streets to regale readers with long reports cabled by experts sent at vast expense to cover this series of matches. Strange, is it not—and to non-British people in particular—this urge to hear and learn all about a usually slow-moving sporting event thousands of miles away? Is it a fetish or a religion, some romantic link with the British past? For neither professional cricket matches nor Test matches are what they were. After the first world war a Test match against the Australians at Lord's lasted only three days and both batsmen and bowlers had to get a move on if they were to achieve any kind of result and please the sporting public. Today all this pleasure seems slightly second-hand, vicarious, even vaguely intellectual. A visit to Lord's, the headquarters of English cricket, at many times last season would reveal an almost empty ground with the players going through the motions apparently for their own benefit. But a Test match, never mind against whom it is played—even if it is conclusively lost by one side—is always a universal topic at club or 'pub', popular because, as Sir Robert Walpole once said of dirty stories, 'anybody can join in the conversation'.

Has the attitude to village cricket changed equally, one wonders? In a talk which we publish on another page Mr. Michael Home furnishes recollections of this kind of cricket as it was played in Suffolk sixty years ago. Every village, he recalls, then had its own cricket team, even though it was sometimes difficult to complete it. There were none of the niceties of club cricket: white flannels and spiked boots were not necessary; and the grounds were such that the batsman took his life in his hands as he faced 'shooters'. Straight balls were hit hard and it was difficult for the fieldsman to stop them because of the bumps or nettles in the outfield. Although the squire and the vicar usually liked to take a leading part, it was a pretty democratic pastime. When the day's cricket was over the gossip over the tankards was between equals.

Cricket is a game that can be played after a fashion until a ripe age. The club or village cricketer approaching sixty may admit that 'he cannot see them as well as he used to'. Mothers fielding on the beaches of England (or even France or Belgium) may not be relied upon to hold their catches, but they seldom sustain serious injuries. In this class of cricket skill is not of the essence and nobody much cares about the result. The 'gamesmanship', which unhappily mars too many Test matches and even county matches these days, is missing: it is more of a sport than a religion. It is easy enough to sneer at the Test matches, but no one will deny that they have their own peculiarly exciting and dramatic atmosphere, often supremely well conveyed by broadcasters. But one cannot fail to reflect that if cricket—winter or summer—is to survive as a public spectacle it could do with an injection of the spirit of village cricket.

What They Are Saying

The Soviet rocket

SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT on January 2, Moscow radio announced that the Soviet Union had launched its first inter-planetary rocket. Some twelve hours later a Moscow broadcast said it was now certain that the rocket would by-pass the moon and become an artificial planet of the sun. Later broadcasts forecast that the complete circuit of the sun would take about fifteen months, at a distance of more than 90,000,000 miles from the sun. Moscow commentators spoke of jubilation in the capital, where the press was quoted as prominently displaying President Eisenhower's message of congratulation and other Western tributes.

The political implications of this scientific achievement were constantly stressed in Moscow commentaries, which maintained that whatever the West decides to do, the Soviet Union will try to show it can do better; also that the Soviet rocket had exposed the futility of the arms race and the advisability of reaching an agreement on outer space before it was too late. American achievements in rocketry were contrasted ignominiously with the Soviet triumphs. In a speech in Minsk on January 3, Mr. Khrushchev said that the Soviet victory in producing the first cosmic rocket once more convincingly proved that communism stimulates irresistible development in economy, science, technology, and culture.

In the United States, after the expressions of congratulation to the Soviet scientists, came expressions of anxiety about the military implications of the Soviet achievement. A number of commentators observed that Mr. Mikoyan's visit to the United States had been heralded by this new Soviet achievement. On his arrival in New York on January 4 Mr. Mikoyan said Mr. Khrushchev had asked him to repeat his New Year message to the American people, saying:

There is no disputed or unsettled issue that cannot be solved by peaceful means, provided all the parties concerned genuinely desire to do so. At the present time, there is not a single country in the world that desires war.

In his New Year message to the British Prime Minister, Mr. Khrushchev expressed the hope that Britain and the Soviet Union would unite in efforts to achieve European security, to bring the arms race and Cold War to an end, and to see peace triumph. In reply to the joint New Year message from President Voroshilov and Mr. Khrushchev to President Eisenhower, the President stressed the critical importance of the Soviet leaders working towards a peaceful solution of the Berlin situation. President Eisenhower reaffirmed that the United States would welcome discussion on Berlin in the wider framework of the whole German problem and European security. Positive progress on this problem would give real substance to the hope that 1959 would witness a great advance towards a just and lasting peace. In a New Year broadcast to the West German people, President Heuss said that the minds of all Germans were overshadowed by anxiety about the Berlin crisis. East German leaders, in a New Year message to the Soviet leaders, thanked them for putting forward the Soviet proposals on Berlin.

Many New Year broadcasts from Moscow radio contrasted the past year's Soviet achievements with the situation in the West. Commentaries for foreign audiences included expressions of Soviet good will and friendliness, coupled with denunciations of the West's alleged preparations for war. New Year broadcasts from Moscow in Arabic and in English for Africa expressed the hope that 1959 would see 'the downfall of colonialism, the shame of our age'.

'The victories of the Cuban patriots' were hailed in Moscow broadcasts, which accused the United States of interfering by supplying arms to Batista via the Dominican Republic and Nicaragua, while General Batista was said to be bombing 'the Christian population'. From the United States, on the other hand, *The New York Times* was quoted as welcoming the fall of the 'dictator', Batista. From France, the Socialist *Le Populaire* was quoted as expressing the hope that the civil war in Cuba would end before the Communist Party took advantage of it.

Did You Hear That?

SOLDIERS OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL

'THE ROYAL HOSPITAL', said JOCELYN BRADFORD in the Home Service, 'one of Wren's masterpieces, was founded in 1682 by Charles II as a "retreat for veterans of the Regular Army who had become unfit for duty"; his brother James II continued to extend it, and it was finally completed in the reign of William and Mary. Twenty years later, Marlborough's men were at grips with the French—and the scarlet uniform worn by the Chelsea pensioners of to-day is based on that of those self-same troops who made the tenacity of British soldiery famous and feared throughout the world.

'Since most of us see the Chelsea pensioner only when he is "out of barracks", we see him normally in his two full-dress uniforms. In summer, which for all Chelsea pensioners starts on May 29, it is the long-skirted scarlet tunic worn with all his medals, and a shako; or a "tricorne" (or cocked hat) on extra special occasions. His winter full dress is a double-breasted blue overcoat with a blue neckerchief just showing, blue gloves, and his medals.

'There are 400 Chelsea pensioners. There could be more, only one of the wings of the building is still not yet rebuilt after being demolished by enemy action in the last war. Strangely enough, the same wing was knocked flat by similar methods in the first world war. To be eligible for admission a pensioner must have been a regular soldier of good character. He must be in receipt of a service pension or a service disability pension. He must be over the age of fifty-five, and, generally speaking, unable to earn his own living but more or less capable of looking after himself. He must not, incidentally, marry when he is a pensioner.

'When he enters the Hospital, a pensioner surrenders his ser-

vice or military disability pension. In return he gets what is officially entitled "free board and lodging, clothing and medical attention". The Hospital, needless to say, has its own "hospital" inside itself, so to speak. He is also given a basic allowance of 7s. a week, which every fourth week is made up to £1 provided he has no contributory old-age pension. He has a free issue of two ounces of "baccy" every Friday, and a free pint of beer every Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. If he has a civil pension or private means he retains them as well.

'Every man has what a civilian would term his own bed-sitting room. It is about ten foot by six in size, extremely well furnished by the authorities, and each has its own plug to a central wireless. Within it a man can do what he likes. It is his own home. All that he need do, if he is fit enough, is to make his bed each morning and tidy up. Nearly all the rooms have their walls decorated with nostalgic pictures of other days. They are lit, heated, and laundered free; and although "lights out" takes place in the main halls at 10.30 p.m. there is nothing to prevent a man reading the long night through in his own room.

Incidentally, the Hospital has an exceedingly up-to-date library of its own.

'You can, if you like, take the bar, the smoking room and the billiards room at any of London's clubs, and the three similar rooms in the club that belong to the inmates of the Royal Hospital will compare favourably with all. They also have a television room which holds about sixty. They have their own barber's shop where they are attended to free.

'The pensioners have their meals in Wren's great hall, with Antonio Verrio's immense mural of Charles II and the Royal Hospital in the background, exquisite panelling, surmounted by replicas of Colours won in a score of battles and set between superb portraits of former Kings and Queens. It is a magnificent setting, with its polished oak tables, comfortable chairs; and it is as warm as toast in winter and cool in summer. It was here that the Army Council staged its Army dinner to the Queen in 1956'.

THE HALTER DEVIL CHAPEL

'If you take the lane which runs down to Mercaston and Brailsford from the Cross-o'-Hands, you pass on your right-hand side the Halter Devil Chapel', said ROY CHRISTIAN in the Midland Home Service. 'This tiny stone chapel—it is only fourteen feet by thirteen—has never been consecrated, but services are sometimes held in it. The Mugginton parish register confirms that it was founded in 1723 by Francis Brown, but does not explain its curious name of "Halter Devil Chapel".'

'Francis Brown was actually a farmer who was extremely fond of ale. One wild, thundery night in 1723, when he was already decidedly drunk, he was seized with a sudden impulse to ride to Derby—seven or eight miles away—for a drink. His wife protested strongly, but without success. "Ride I will", he said,



A foundation-day parade in Figure Court, the Royal Hospital, Chelsea—



—and pensioners enjoying their Christmas celebration a fortnight ago

"even if I have to halter the Devil"; and he stamped out to collect his horse from the paddock.

It was a dark night, relieved only by an occasional flash of lightning, and Brown's fumbling efforts to get a halter over the horse's head got him nowhere. Then the lightning came again, and in the split second of illumination, Brown saw something that filled him with terror. The creature in front of him had sprouted horns. "I'll ride to Derby if I have to halter the devil". And now that was what he was trying to do. Panic-stricken he turned to run, but something struck him a heavy blow, and he fell unconscious on the ground.

His wife found him and put him to bed, and he gradually recovered from bruises and shock. But the whole course of his life changed. He gave up drink, and built the chapel—"The Chappel in ye Intakes Hulland Ward"—as a visible sign of his new-found piety, and perhaps as an insurance policy against another visit from the devil. If so, it was successful. In fact, the only other strange thing that happened to him was that immediately after the accident one of his cows developed a mysterious limp, and a tendency to hobble hurriedly away whenever Francis Brown went anywhere near her.

POLISH FASHION

'Today Warsaw is the fashion centre of eastern Europe', said DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. correspondent in central Europe. 'For the women of the Soviet bloc, a dress from Warsaw has the same appeal as a dress from Paris has for their contemporaries in the West. I have just talked with the woman who has established Polish supremacy in the sphere of women's fashions behind the Iron Curtain. She is Madame Jadwiga Grabowska. Slim, quiet-voiced, with iron-grey hair and a winning smile, Madame Grabowska has built up a fashion house on the banks of the river Vistula employing eighty people. "Every three months" she told me, "Eva—that's my 'house"—makes a collection of about 100 models—evening dresses, day dresses, cocktail dresses, coats and skirts, and so on. Afterwards we make up to five copies of each model, which are sent to the provincial cities of Poland. The model is sold in Warsaw".

'I asked about prices. Madame Grabowska looked down at her neatly shod feet: "My models", she said, "are not cheap". An evening dress costs the equivalent of two months' wages for an average worker; a day dress costs slightly less; the copies—well, you could take off twenty per cent. She brightened suddenly: "Of course", she said, "we give our simpler models to the factories for mass production. Such dresses are cheap, and", she added proudly, "in good taste".

"Is this your own business?" I asked. Madame Grabowska laughed: "Heavens no!", she said. "I'm controlled by the Ministry of Commerce. And", she went on reflectively, "I get a lot of support. We are hoping to expand exports, particularly to the countries of the Near East. Recently we organized a most successful fashion show in Cairo".

'Two pretty girls—one blonde and one brunette—walked past us and nodded a greeting. "Some of my mannequins", said Madame Grabowska. "It's easy to find pretty girls in Poland", she went on, "but when they first come to me they are always too fat. I put them on a diet—no starch, no cream, and lots of carrot juice. They don't like it, but they like the result". "Tell me", I said, "where do you get the ideas for your models, and the materials to make them?" Madame Grabowska stared at me:

"Eva", she said, "is Polish. We use Polish fabrics, although sometimes we import a little brocade from France. As for the ideas, they are Polish, too. We read your western fashion magazines, and I and my designers travel to Paris, London, and Rome. But", she said firmly, "we do not copy".

'At this point I put my big male foot right in it: "I haven't seen a sack dress since I came to Warsaw", I remarked. "I should hope not", she said, "the sack is out. Now, it's the Empire line". But Madame Grabowska, however, quickly restored my morale. "In Poland", she said, "we admire your English fashions. They are very simple and very good".

I AM A BORE

'I'm a bore', said BRIAN MURPHY in 'Today'. 'A crashing bore—and, frankly, I rather enjoy it. Of course, I've been at it a great many years now. Most people have no idea of the

amount of effort you have to put into it to be a really super-heavy-dreadnought class of bore. Most people get sidetracked early on—and become quite interesting about their hobbies or their wives or something. Your true bore never lets this happen. He concentrates on being monumentally tedious about every possible subject.

'It takes a long time to learn how to select your victims, too: how to pick the people who are too weak or too polite to be rude to you. I mean, if I see a group of people talking in a pub, I know instinctively whether or not I can move in with that grand old phrase, "Excuse me,

but I couldn't help overhearing your fascinating conversation", and hold the floor from then on. Some people will tell you to go and chase yourself. Others will just ignore you. But there are many that you can hold paralyzed—until you literally drive them out into the night. Some I've even insisted on reading my poems to—long things they are, too, I can tell you! And do you know they pretend they've enjoyed it.

'And then there's the poor shy devil at a party who only manages to open his mouth once. Before he's got a sentence out, you say right in his face: "Now I'd like to take you up on that". It's wonderful to see his eyes film over, his glass getting warm and sticky in his hand. And even in the unlikely event of his managing to escape before the champagne runs out, he can't really enjoy it with my reproachful eye following him round. And when he runs out of the house forty minutes later, you keep on at him through the taxi window: "I hope you don't mind, but you're an intelligent chap. I can see that. I don't often get the chance of talking to intelligent people".

'Weddings are another happy hunting ground. At least half the people there haven't the slightest idea who you are and are terrified of offending you in case you're the proverbial rich uncle. Oh, there are rich pickings for a bore at weddings. I've bored hundreds of people at weddings—anything from bishops to pageboys. And, of course, I always make an impromptu speech: one of those terribly embarrassing speeches about how happy I am to see two young people starting out along life's path together and how they must give and take and how well I remember my own wedding day. Once I even wept a little. I've never seen such embarrassment. It was marvellous! And, of course, nobody likes any unpleasantness at weddings so no one ever shuts me up. They just pray it'll be over soon: but, of course, it never is'.



Models of the Warsaw fashion house 'Eva' photographed in the Army Museum
By courtesy of the Polish Cultural Institute

The Philosophy of Samuel Alexander

By DOROTHY EMMET

SAMUEL ALEXANDER was born in Sydney, Australia, a hundred years ago. He came over to England with a scholarship to Balliol, and stayed on in Oxford for a time, the first Jew to be elected to a fellowship at an Oxford college—Lincoln College. But most of his life was spent as a professor of philosophy in Manchester, where he became a professor of legend. If a blackboard was not handy, he would illustrate points in a logic lecture by drawing diagrams on the soles of his boots. His favourite means of locomotion was his bicycle. There is a story of how he bicycled over to Liverpool to give a lecture which was to be followed by dinner. He was asked where his dress suit was—those were formal days—and, pointing to his cycling clothes, he said: 'Underneath'. As the evening drew on, he was invited to stay the night, and was asked whether he had any pyjamas with him. Pointing to his dress suit, he said: 'Underneath again'.

But I am going to discuss his philosophy, and not just a beloved Manchester character. Alexander would have liked to think that we are remembering him in both ways. When the Epstein bust of him, which stands in the entrance hall of the Arts building of the University of Manchester, was unveiled, someone remarked that it would have been more like him if it had been less serious; and Alexander in his speech replied: 'Though I shall be glad if it were said of me "He was known for a certain gaiety of speech", I prefer to have it said of me "He contrived for some years to persuade people that he could think"'. He could indeed; but his thinking was of a kind on which few present-day philosophers would embark.

Shortly after the last war, the annual conference of British Philosophers, the Joint Session of the Mind Association and the Aristotelian Society, met in Manchester. A number of the members were standing in a circle in the entrance hall of the Arts building looking at the Epstein bust, when someone remarked: 'Never in the history of philosophy did so many logical positivists pay tribute to such a metaphysician'. The remark would indeed be more characteristic of British philosophy in the nineteen-forties than today. Today few British philosophers would want to describe themselves as 'logical positivists' in the sense in which this was the name of those subscribing to the strict programme of the Vienna Circle, which allowed only logical tautologies and propositions verifiable in sense experience to be meaningful. Most have turned their interests to exploring other ways besides these in which expressions in language can be meaningful; some are turning again to the possibility of a kind of metaphysics which would be an attempt at 'map-making', or setting out the relations between different branches of knowledge. But nearly all would, I think, call themselves 'empiricists'; that is to say, they would say that if anything is said which claims in any sense to be factual, it should be possible to indicate some situation which could in principle be experienced, and where

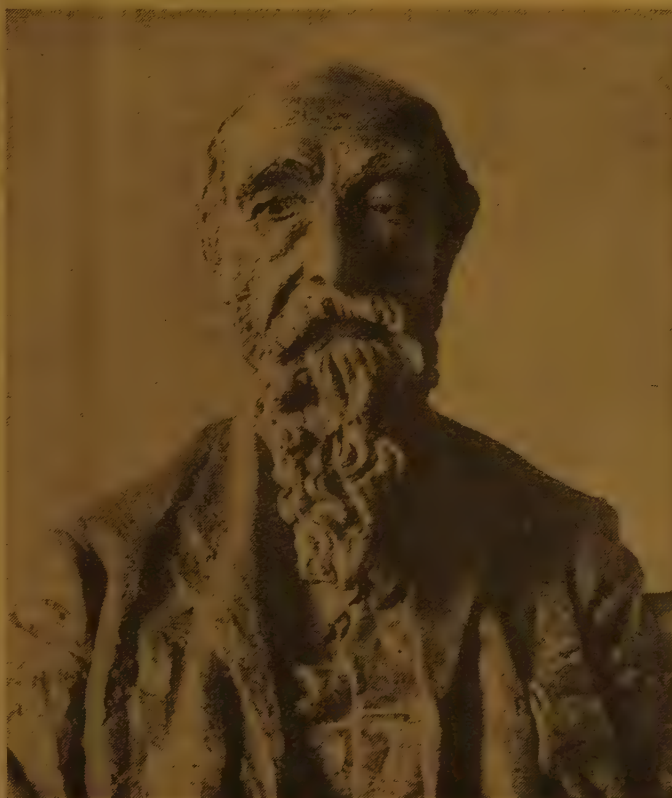
there would be a discernible difference between what we should expect to find to be the case if the assertion were true and what we should expect if it were false.

How does Alexander's metaphysical philosophy look if measured against this sort of demand? Alexander himself claimed that he was writing an 'empirical metaphysics'. He thought of philosophy as a very inclusive kind of science, differing from the special sciences 'not in its spirit, but only in its boundaries, dealing with certain comprehensive features of experience which

lie outside the purview of the special sciences'. The suggestions he made about these 'pervasive features'—for instance that everything in the world is ultimately composed of complexes of 'space-time point-instants'—are certainly not such as could be either reached or confirmed by any kind of direct observation. They move at too high a level of interpretative generalization for that. The high level theories of an advanced science like mathematical physics also use concepts which are not directly verifiable in sense perception. But there is this difference: the high level scientific theories can be put in a precise mathematical form, and will lead to deductions which can eventually be related to experimental situations. In contrast, a metaphysical theory like Alexander's, in his great book *Space, Time and Deity*, is more like an interpretation of the nature of the world in terms of concepts whose meaning is extended from their ordinary meanings and made extremely general, but is not linked either to mathematical formulae or to experimental procedures.

In defence of his method, a metaphysician like Alexander might say that this difference is necessary because he is venturing beyond the point yet reached by scientific theory; and also he would have claimed that his result was not mere speculation, since it might be said in various respects to be based on interpretations of experience. (As Alexander put it, all our balloons must be captive balloons.) The link with experience is provided by asking whether this system seems to provide a plausible way of co-ordinating our positive knowledge, meaning by 'plausible' that there are no established facts which it cannot accommodate (or can only accommodate by gross distortion); and I think, also, by seeing whether its leading notions bear any analogy to ideas which are proving fruitful in some branch of empirical knowledge.

Alexander was deeply interested in natural science. He believed that the kind of philosophy, mostly Idealist and Hegelian, which he had been taught at Oxford was too predominantly bound up with classical scholarship and 'arts' interests, and not close enough to natural science. He himself was something of a mathematician, and he was largely responsible for introducing the study of experimental psychology into the University of Manchester. Stories are told of certain somewhat bizarre experiments in psychology which he constructed himself in those pioneer days. But he was no mere amateur. He had gone to Germany to study



Sir Jacob Epstein's bust of Professor Samuel Alexander, in the Arts building of Manchester University

the physiology of the nervous system, and had a good working knowledge of it.

The philosopher of the past to whom he felt closest in spirit was Spinoza: he used to say that if they wrote on his urn in the crematorium *Erravit cum Spinoza*, he would be content. Like Spinoza, he looked on reality as a single order, but, unlike Spinoza, he thought of it as essentially a process, and so as necessarily to be described in terms of time as well as space. (He complained that most philosophers of the past had failed 'to take Time seriously'.) He then took the bold step of saying that reality was to be thought of not as a process of events occurring in space and time, but as consisting in 'motions' which were differentiations of a single continuum which was itself space-time. In claiming that the description of motions required reference to time as well as space, he could have appealed to certain theories in mathematical physics. But I do not think these were his starting point. Where he subsequently found links with certain aspects of relativity theory, he was delighted, and it added reinforcement to his thinking after the event.

'Time is the Mind of Space'

But, in spite of his mathematical bent, his main scientific interest was in physiological psychology, and in thinking about the relation between mental and neural processes. Indeed, in seeking to illustrate how space and time might be related, he thought he could see a clue in his view of the relation of body and mind, and he produced the astonishing statement 'Time is the Mind of Space'. This sounds like one of those seemingly nonsensical things which philosophers say from time to time, but Alexander certainly did not say it just to mystify people. He was using his view of the body-mind relation as a very bold analogy to illustrate a kind of relation which he thought could be found elsewhere in natural systems, all of which, he wanted to say, were in the last resort particular complexes of space-time.

The problem of what is sometimes called the 'body-mind relation', and sometimes the relation of mental processes to their neural base, is still with us; so much so that we can wonder whether we have yet found the right way to put the question. So Alexander's attempt to describe certain other relations in nature on the analogy of this may seem like an attempt to explain *obscurum per obscurius*. But let us see how he does it.

The body-mind relation was for Alexander an instance of 'emergence'. 'Emergence' is a notion also used by Professor Lloyd Morgan (who, I think, coined the word) and by Professor Broad; it means that in certain cases where elements of a complex are organized in a certain pattern, a new synthesis is derived which shows a quality that could not have been predicted from knowledge of the constituent elements before they were so organized. This quality is thus genuinely new, but it is not an additional factor which might be isolated, alongside the other elements in the complex. It results from the total organized pattern. When Alexander speaks of mind as an 'emergent quality' he means that in one sense it is identical with an organized structure of physiological neural processes. There is no purely 'mental' factor over and above these. But certain organizations of neural processes manifest a completely new quality, conscious awareness; and this is something which must then be considered not only in terms of the properties of its neuro-physiological base, but in terms of its own characteristic ways of functioning.

Alexander and 'Emergents'

When Alexander speaks of 'emergents' he sometimes means qualities which some psychologists nowadays would call the *Gestalt* properties of ordered systems—that is, the properties like symmetry which can only be shown by a pattern—but sometimes he means something more like the possibility of a new way of functioning released through a particular kind of ordered structure. When this happens, the new way of functioning can dominate the whole structure, including the lower levels which support it. It does not transform them into something different. Physico-chemical processes continue to be physico-chemical processes, and neural processes to be a special kind of physico-chemical process. But when someone is thinking, while there may be no separate animistic or mental factor present, the whole organized structure

of these processes seems to become a vehicle for this new kind of activity, and we find ourselves confronted by an 'embodied mind'.

Alexander takes this view of the relation of mind and body and generalizes it by analogy to describe the relation of any new emergent quality to the organized structure which forms its base, the former being the 'mind', the latter the 'body' aspect.

In this extended sense, 'mind' is not connected with consciousness, which is found as a characteristic only of those probably rare systems in nature which we call minds proper. 'Mind' by analogy answers to the new quality manifested in a system which carries it as its 'body'. Alexander holds that there is a hierarchy of such kinds of system in nature. At the base of them all is space-time, a continuum differentiated by 'motions'. Certain organized patterns of motions are bearers of the qualities we call matter; certain organizations of matter are bearers of the qualities found in physical structures and chemical syntheses; these in turn sometimes function as living systems, and some living systems are bearers of mind or consciousness, which is the highest empirical quality known to us.

There is no reason, however, to suppose that mind is the highest possible emergent quality. On the contrary; Alexander thinks that the religious sentiment of aspiration, the feeling that we are drawn towards 'moving about in worlds not realized', suggests that there may be a higher quality beyond mind. This he calls deity. Deity, he said, is 'the next highest emergent quality which the universe is engaged in bringing to birth'. Possibly it may emerge at more than one place in the universe, in beings—we do not yet know what they would be like—who would then be the bearers of deity, as we are of mind. So there might be a number of god-like beings. But there is also a sense in which Alexander speaks of 'God' as the whole infinite universe, in which matter, life, and mind have emerged, and which is 'pregnant' with the still higher quality of deity. In this sense 'God' is *Deus sive Natura*—the whole universe as tending towards this new quality; and the religious sentiment witnesses empirically to our feeling that we are caught in this movement and to 'the sustenance which the universe in its tendency towards deity gives to our mind'. Alexander calls this movement the *nisus* of space-time. But can we see any reason, in terms of his own system of concepts, why there should be this *nisus*, or upward thrust?

Towards a Creative Process

Alexander sometimes speaks as though the mere fact of uniting time with space itself produces the possibility not only of a dynamic, but even of a creative process. Indeed I have already mentioned how his favourite analogy emboldened him to say that 'Time is the Mind of Space'—that is, that time is the aspect of the world in virtue of which it is a process producing new qualities, whereas regarded statically, simply as the bearer, the 'body', of these properties, it can be described in terms of space.

All this is very difficult. Can the notion of all these different levels or organized structures really be derived from that of space-time? We must surely postulate certain fundamental properties in the world besides those of space and time if it is to be possible to think of it as containing organized systems bearing new qualities at their distinctive levels. Alexander in effect admits this when he speaks of a *nisus* or creative tendency. But you cannot get this simply out of the notion of space-time unless you assume that the mere fact of temporal succession necessarily brings creative advance. Alexander may have been near enough to nineteenth-century philosophies of progress to be able implicitly to assume something like this. We, in the middle of the twentieth century, are not so sure. Yet on the long view there is the impressive fact that nature has produced a sequence of organized structures in which new levels of organization release new qualities and new powers of functioning.

I said at the beginning of this talk that philosophers nowadays would look warily at metaphysical systems such as Alexander's; we are more alive, perhaps, to the difference between science and speculation, even where speculation is geared to interpretations of experience. But even those most unsympathetic to the broad outlines of Alexander's philosophy may find his detailed working out of certain subsidiary themes—for instance, his view of universals

and of our knowledge of other minds and some of his comments on aesthetics—still well worth their attention.

It is sometimes said that the very attempt to construct a metaphysical system is a sign of human pride. But whatever view we may take in principle about the prospects of success in this kind of thinking, the history of philosophy does not show that those who have tried to write metaphysics in the grand manner have

generally themselves been grandiose persons. There was certainly nothing pretentious about Alexander's temper of mind. When he was awarded the Order of Merit, his friend, the Jewish scholar Dr. Claude Montefiore, put the gist of it in a letter:

You do walk humbly with your funny God, and are so beautifully unconscious that you are really a great swell.

—Third Programme

Village Cricket Sixty Years Ago

By MICHAEL HOME

SIXTY years ago, every village near us in Breckland had a cricket team. How ours was raised was usually a miracle. The labourer, as he was then known, had no Saturday afternoon off, and only rarely would a man be let off. We at least had a nucleus. Our vicar—'the Reverend', as we knew him—was a useful bat and a good wicket-keeper. His son, Lance, who was up at Cambridge, would play for us as often as he could and he was a fine hitter and a terrifyingly fast bowler. There was my father—something of a stonewaller—and my elder brother, until he left home, and my very young self. The balance had to be made up out of a pool of about eight, and often, as late as on a Friday night, not more than three or four would seem to be available.

Except for the Reverend and Lance, and myself after I went to Thetford Grammar School, no one wore flannels. Sunday best, and shirt sleeves, was the rule. Trousers were held up by braces or those elastic belts with snake-head fasteners. Boots were just boots, though some of the younger men wore tennis shoes. My father, always ingenious, wore thick carpet slippers with an outsize in tintacks driven through the soles. To shield our eyes against the sun we wore ordinary caps, though the Reverend generally sported a panama and Lance a college cap. At the first game I remember, some of the players wore bowler hats. It was a windy day and a hat was blown on the stumps, and there was a lot of argument as to whether or not the owner was out.

We first played in the park, which had a reasonable outfield, but many grounds on which we played had their far outfields rough and uncut. It did not pay to drive a ball along the ground: the art was to hit high and handsome. If a ball landed in tall weeds or a clump of nettles we ran till 'Lost ball!' was called, and the total went up by six. As for the pitches themselves, once a farm roller had done its work in spring, the only preparation was to cut and mark out. Shooters were plentiful and it took some pluck to stand up to a really fast bowler.

'How do he bowl?' would be asked about someone with whose bowling we were not acquainted. If the reply was that he 'wholly cut 'em down', my young heart would sink into its boots. Under-arm bowling was still common enough in the 'nineties and some of it could be pretty fast too. An Ellingham bowler known as Plumpicker took more wickets than anyone in our parts. It was the low trajectory that beat you, and the speed with which the ball left the pitch: plus, of course, a most devilish accuracy. Then there was the new 'break' bowling. Caston had a man—I believe his name was Bailey—who could bring a ball in a good six inches from the off, and I remember how we were flummoxed the first time we played *him* at Caston.

What about batsmen? There, the question would be: 'Do he play strooks?' Of our team, only the Reverend really played strokes, though my father had one of his own invention. It was probably some ancient ancestor of the 'cut, for he would poke at a ball on the off, hoping to nudge it through the slips. The rest of us had only the good old principle of: 'Here comes a ball: let's try and hit it'. If the bat was straight it was wholly by

chance and never design. And some of us *could* hit it. I have known a bowler, playing out of his class, as he thought, in village cricket, say despairingly that it was no use bowling straight, for the straighter the ball the further it was hit. One of the best hitters was Lewis Savory of Breckles. Pitch him up anything on the leg and it was almost a certain four or six. No apparent effort; just natural timing and an uncommonly good eye.

I remember as if it were yesterday how I too began to be a player of 'strooks'. It was about sixty years ago, a wet Thursday afternoon, and I had been given permission for the first time to use the school library. Almost the first book I picked up was a manual of cricket by W. G. Grace and I

can still feel the flash of revelation when I began to be aware that varying sorts of balls should be countered by various things called strokes. In less than no time I was going forward with a straight bat. I even learned to cut a ball. As a climax, there came a day in the park when I overheard two of our men discussing me as I was going in. 'He oughta make a few. He've wholly larnt to handle a bat'.

For an away match on a Saturday morning the start might be delayed if we were still a man short, but when we did set off it would be in our big cart: two in front, two behind, and the communal cricket bag as well. The rest would go in the vicarage wagonette, the Reverend's coachman driving. John Balfour, village schoolmaster and scorer, always went in the wagonette, as did the umpire—George Adams, or Jimmy Thompson, or, much later, Monkey Downes.

Downes was a mole-catcher; a shortish man with a fringe of whiskers, a simian upper lip, and a twinkling eye. He always stood umpire in his Sunday black, a bat, as a sign of office, in his hand. It was Downes who once made a famous quip about the weather. We were playing Ellingham away and only fanatics like the Reverend and my father would ever have set out. It rained cats and dogs all the way and it was still raining as hard as ever when we had had tea. Then the Reverend took a look out from the flap of the big tent.

'I don't know, Downes, but it looks to me as if it's going to clear up'.



'Monkey Downes . . . always stood umpire in his Sunday black, a bat, as a sign of office, in his hand'

'Ah, sir', Jimmy said, 'that's what the davvul told Noah'.

Umpires could be match winners in those days and woe to an opposing player who played 'strooks' or whose flannels hinted that he might become a bit of a nuisance. If a ball struck his pad or he flashed at something on the off, up would go the umpire's hand. If he was not to be run out, he had to be in by the length of a street. The man most umpired out was Saunders, known everywhere as the Ellingham Stonewaller. Perhaps there was some reason for it, since he took his guard with the bat about six inches from the stumps, the bat then upright close to his right leg. And there he would stay immovable till a bowler sent down a rank bad ball.

Jimmy Thompson was the hero of one of the few pieces of umpiring out that I ever remember connected with our own team. Jimmy was a postman and one day when he had a letter to deliver at an outlying cottage Wretham way, he took a short cut through some Wretham woods. The Wretham agent for Squire Morris was a bully, and it so happened that he saw Jimmy and came galloping up on his horse. Jimmy was ordered to get back to the road.

'You can't order me about, sir', Jimmy told him stoutly. 'I'm on the Queen's business'.

'Queen or no queen, out of here you get!' the agent roared at him, and he shepherded Jimmy till he was off Wretham land and back on the road.

It was some time later when we played Wretham at Heathley and the agent was playing. He and Rowley, their vicar, were their two best bats: Rowley a stylish left-hander and the agent rather a showy bat who had a liking for anything wide on the off. He cut at such a ball, missed it by inches and was staggered to hear Jimmy call, 'Out!' There hadn't been an appeal, but that was nobody's business.

'What d'you mean, out? I wasn't near it by a mile'.

'You're out, sir', Jimmy hollered. 'And, queen or no queen, out you go!'

Plentiful Extras

Extras were often plentiful on our pitches. Even an agile long-stop, stockings stuffed with grass, could not stop them all. All ground fielding was tricky, for the ball did queer things in hard or rough outfields, and the body was often safer than hands. But I cannot remember a real casualty. There were occasional hold-ups when a batsman got a crack on the inside of a right knee. Most of us preferred to use only one pad as giving greater mobility, and the pads were so old and pliant that they were little more than an ornament. If a ball struck a pad it was the batsman's fault. He had a bat to see that it did not. As for gloves, they were unknown, and a rap on the knuckles was just the luck of the game.

Most bowling then was either medium or fast and the only really slow bowler I ever played against was Squire Morris of Wretham. He was a tall, stout, cumbersome man who always put himself on for a few overs when we played on his park. He would take a very slow step or two and then a high-tossed ball would come slowly down towards you. The first time I ever played against him—I was about fourteen at the time—I walked up the pitch and hit him full-toss for two. I did it a second time and then, at the end of the over, the Reverend, who was at the other end, had a quiet word with me. 'Michael, I think you'd better stay in your ground'.

I was far too young to appreciate the fact that Squire Morris's bowling was only a kind of interlude. He would give himself an over or two, be duly gratified if he flummoxed a batsman or even miraculously took a wicket, and then would take himself off. After all, it was he who provided the small cask of ale for the men and the stone-ginger for the boys; and the really good tea.

Tea was usually taken at about half-past four: plenty of home-made bread and farmhouse butter and good plain cake. Then we would be at it again. There were never great scores, perhaps, but there was always keen cricket. Scoring was artificially slow because there were rarely boundaries and everything had to be run out, and there would be much blowing of bellows after a four or six. The Wretham ground sloped well down and away towards the church, and in one match a Wretham bowler had the bad luck to give my father a fast full toss on the

leg. It left the bat with the crack of a pistol and he and Master Lance actually ran eight till my father virtually collapsed. It was the longest hit I ever saw and it took two relays to throw the ball in.

Our matches were battles of wits. Men had played against each other for years and strategy was what we called in Norfolk *accordin-ly*. The only one who always suffered from nerves was John Balfour. Even when you were in the field you could hear him groan when a catch was dropped or his chuckle when one was held. And a match did not end on a Saturday evening. It was something to be talked about during the week, though by Tuesday the list—as we called it—would be up in the little reading-room for names to be put down for the following Saturday's match. The Reverend's name would always head it, with Master Lance's if he were at home. Then would come my father's, and at intervals during the week he would be looking at that list to see how it was filling up. So the wheel came full circle to another Saturday morning. Maybe we were still a man short, yet somehow the miracle was always happening.

—From a talk in the Home Service

B.B.C. Honours

We offer our congratulations to Mr. M. F. C. Standing, Controller, Programme Organization (Sound), who becomes a C.B.E. in the New Year Honours list; to Mr. S. W. Rumsam, Head of Operations, Newsroom, and Mr. E. F. Wheeler, Superintendent Engineer, Transmitters, each of whom becomes an O.B.E.; to Mr. R. D. Petrie, Head of Sound Apparatus Section, Designs Department; Mr. P. G. Curtis, News Information Officer; Miss P. M. Fisher, Registry Supervisor; Miss K. Haacke, Head of Programme Correspondence Section; and Miss I. E. Abbott, Secretary to the Director of External Broadcasting, each of whom becomes an M.B.E.

We also offer our congratulations to Mr. F. H. Grisewood, who becomes an O.B.E.

Sonnet

I'll speak of Alexander's honied corpse;
Or Arthur's well-gashed skull, with one dint raw
The day they buried him; what Phaedra saw
From her great wall: for these are fibres, warps
And chains connecting every creature's soul
Inside humanity; never outdated,
But as horrible as streets of slated
House-rows in Victorian grime and role
Of industry, which had no Artemis;
Only the upright piano and the hymns.
I'll speak of these, then ask: When heads and limbs
Are lopped in private hate, or war, is this
More terrible in hills, or where men mow,
The Somme, or Troy, or mound of Jericho?

SHEILA WINGFIELD

Remember Without Pity

At the instant when hare looks up and eagle looks down
The earth's heart halts its gnomonic tune
Whilst all stand waiting for the soft-foot priest
Wordless to lift the chalice, break the host.

Then remember without pity how the same hare flowed
Up the steep ploughland, swifter than the March light
And itself firelit by some flame of lively God,
Into clearness to leap beyond clutch of your beggarly sight.

And never forget that four are included in the dream:
Priest, hare, eagle, and the audience to give
Ear to the seasoned ballad of a fourfold doom
And a fourfold redemption and union forever in love.

FRANCES BELLERBY

Dr. Marx and Dr. Zhivago

By ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

TRAGEDY has been defined as the conflict of good with good. In this sense the conflict between Boris Pasternak and his Russian critics has been a tragic one. No one who has read the letter which the editors of the Russian literary journal *Novy Mir* sent to Pasternak when they rejected *Dr. Zhivago* can doubt that they are intelligent, humane, and sensitive men within their limitations. But these limitations have prevented them from seeing a crucial point, that the Marxist insights which they value so highly are central to Pasternak's novel. 'Marxist insights in Pasternak!' it will be exclaimed: 'surely Pasternak's novel has been denounced as precisely anti-Marxist'. But it is just this thesis that I want to deny most vehemently. Pasternak is in many ways a Marxist author. And anyone who has read the writings of the young Hegelian Marx, the young Dr. Marx of whom his contemporaries spoke so enthusiastically, will find reminiscence after reminiscence in *Dr. Zhivago*.

Agreement between East and West

But I ought to begin from what the critics have said. The most striking feature of the controversy over *Dr. Zhivago* has been the extent of the agreement between most Eastern and Western critics. All the clamour over the prize-giving has certainly created an impression of violent dissension, but when the slogans and the shouting are set aside, to what does this disagreement amount? On the one hand, Communist critics such as the editors of *Novy Mir* say that Pasternak has written a pessimistic novel in which the hero selfishly asserts his own personality and thus cuts himself off from the community, and that Pasternak libellously depicts the Bolshevik revolution and state as essentially productive of terror and suffering. Whereas the Western critics tend to say that Pasternak has produced a tragic novel in which the worth of the lonely individual is courageously affirmed over against the community, and that he bravely depicts the Bolshevik revolution in all its terror and suffering. The tone of voice differs, but on both sides of the Curtain Pasternak's novel has been given the same interpretation, an interpretation that seems to me to spring from a critical vision that is still suffering from Cold War distortions.

I want at this stage to try to place *Dr. Zhivago* as a work of art. It is a poet's rather than a novelist's book. The comparisons that have been drawn with Tolstoy appear to me grotesque. The technique of building the narrative through a long succession of short scenes, in which small incidents bear the weight of large transitions in a time and place, sometimes reminds one of the technique of the film, and sometimes, as Mr. Stuart Hampshire has acutely pointed out, of Shakespeare. And this dramatic approach of Pasternak's precludes one from identifying the author too easily with any of his characters, certainly from identifying his standpoint with that of Zhivago. For although Zhivago is in one obvious sense the central character, there is a far more important character than Zhivago, namely the Revolution itself. The Revolution is a presence before which all the characters tend to insignificance, have to clutch desperately at their own significance, are always on the verge of becoming nothing but leaves in the wind. And this is the fate of his characters because they belong to a class, the pre-1914 Russian intelligentsia, who in spite of all their sensitivity and human generosity, and perhaps in part because of them, are alienated from the Revolution. It is something external to them, something that happens to them.

Human Substance of the Revolution

Pasternak gives one a sense of the human substance of the Revolution. Institutions and ways of life may be such that although men live by them they no longer express the life that men seek to live. They appear as alien and oppressive shams, and when human life breaks in on them they fall to pieces. Such

was the way of life of pre-revolutionary Russia as it crumbled before the Revolution. And Zhivago and his friends hang uneasily between what they see as the barren emptiness of the old and what they see as the brutal substance of the new. One can bring out the ambiguity of Zhivago's position by looking at the charge which the editors of *Novy Mir* bring against Pasternak that there is a distorted Christian commitment in his depicting of Zhivago.

The use of Christian symbolism is particularly explicit in Zhivago's poems printed at the end of the book. The clue to how this symbolism is to be taken is found in Zhivago's own meditations on Christianity and in those of his uncle. Here what Christ did was to introduce in his own person a new conception of humanity, and the truths of Christianity are not dogmas concerning the supernatural but statements about the essence of human nature. Christianity is turned into an ideal for human nature, an ideal that finds its most natural expressions in lyric poetry, especially the poetry of Blok, the ideal of a humanity at once tender and fragile. This ideal fails Zhivago and his friends. Just as the human Christ they pictured was crushed by Judea and Rome, so Zhivago as a Christ-figure is crushed, but crushed not so much by the Revolution as by his own inadequacy and the inadequacy of his ideal.

Unsuspected Connexions

At this point one begins to see unsuspected connexions. I have referred to Zhivago as alienated from the humanity of the Revolution; I have also referred to his attempt to translate the essence of Christianity into a human ideal. But the question of alienation and that of the essence of Christianity have been brought together before: in Hegel, in Feuerbach, in Marx. Hegel and Feuerbach both made it the task of philosophy to secularise the image of man in Christianity; Marx made it the aim of his thought to show how this essential human nature emerged in the reality of history from the distortions and enslavement of class-divided society. And in this work the concept of alienation has a key role.

Men are divided from each other and from themselves by the forms of class-society. One result of this is that the whole institutionalized way of life in modern bourgeois society is at once hollow, alien, and oppressive. Humanity, and the one true bearer of the human essence in our time, the industrial proletariat, has to break through and make new forms. So alienated man remakes and regains himself. This is the picture which the young Marx elaborated, the picture out of which mature Marxist theory grew. In this picture there is a place for those members of bourgeois society who, humane and sensitive as they are, cling to the ideals and culture that they know and therefore cannot make the transition to the new society.

Such, surely, is Zhivago. He can think of 'his loyalty to the Revolution and his admiration of it, the Revolution in the sense in which it was accepted by the middle classes and in which it had been understood by the student followers of Blok, in 1905', and contrast this with the real effective blood-stained Bolshevik Revolution. He can envisage the Christ-like figure of humanity transcending its alienation as an ideal, but he cannot face the results of that alienation being overcome in actuality. Surely the diagnosis of Dr. Zhivago's predicament has to be made in terms of the young Dr. Marx's concept of human nature and its alienation.

But on this I shall be fiercely attacked from both East and West. The Western critic will say that I am talking as if the Bolshevik Revolution were a real redemption of humanity, whereas it was a series of horrors, horrors which Pasternak makes frighteningly real. The Eastern critic will say that Pasternak gives scarcely a hint of the heroism, self-sacrifice, and revolutionary generosity that was incarnated in the men who made the Soviet Union. As to the accusation from the West, I ought to point out that the

freedom of the spirit which is Zhivago's ideal is at the end of Pasternak's book a thing which Zhivago's friends can sense as something almost tangible in the streets of Moscow; and what brought it there was not Zhivago but the whole revolutionary history of the Soviet Union. Zhivago's own inability to be at one with the Revolution leads in the end to his moral disintegration. To the accusation from the East it should be said that of course this is only part of the historical truth about the Revolution. It is the experience of the Revolution as the bourgeois intelligentsia felt it, as a series of inexplicable blows. Both the evil and good that Zhivago encounters from Communists fall on him as though by turns of chance. It is not just that the good revolutionary is outside his comprehension. The limits of Zhivago's vision make both good and bad revolutionaries alike an uncomprehended force that is simply there. It is just because Pasternak is able to portray the limitations of Zhivago so strikingly that I find it impossible to accept the view that Zhivago's standpoint is Pasternak's own.

The Critics' Mistake in Approach

But there is something much more fundamental at stake here. Both Eastern and Western critics have read Pasternak as a pessimist on the subject of the Russian Revolution because he narrates not the victory of the Revolution but one man's tragedy during the Revolution. Both seem to assent to the thesis that an optimism about human nature in general and the Bolshevik Revolution in particular is incompatible with stressing the fact that the course of human history, and especially of revolutionary history, generates countless tragedies. This is to make a fatal mistake in approach to Pasternak. For the essence of the tragic is that it provides a measure of what man is and can hope for. Only the depth of the tragic suggests the potential height of the man who suffers it. And Pasternak's narrative of the events which encompass the tragedy of Zhivago's destruction suggests the inarticulate weight of human resource behind those events, a resource which can outgrow the patent absurdity of so many of the revolutionary trappings. So, in one of the prophetic meditations with which the narrative is interspersed, one character passes from a comparison of the Old and the New Testaments to say:

In everything to do with the care of the workers, the protection of the mother, the struggle against the power of money, our revolutionary era is a wonderful era of new, lasting, permanent achievements. But as to its interpretation of life and the philosophy of happiness which it preaches—it is simply impossible to believe that it is meant to be taken seriously, it is such a comical remnant of the past. If all this rhetoric about leaders and peoples had the power to reverse history, it would set us back thousands of years to the biblical times of shepherd tribes and patriarchs. But fortunately it cannot do this.

This union of the hopeful and tragic creates the dilemma which destroys Pasternak's central characters. What is important is that Pasternak for the most part, although not always, succeeds in holding on to both sides of the dilemma. Lara, Zhivago's love, always looks back to her early happiness with her husband, Antipov. And he at the end explains to Zhivago how he was torn between his private and his political loyalty. He describes his own struggle both for his wife and for the Revolution. And he hymns the whole history of Marxism, culminating in a vision of the 'immeasurably vast figure of Russia, bursting into flames like a light of redemption for all the sorrows and misfortunes of mankind'. Then he turns back to the subject of his wife and Zhivago reveals to him how much she loved him. And at once he has to know precisely how she told Zhivago this, and to imagine the way in which she was shaking the carpet as she said it. The small, tragic personal incident reveals the whole pathos of Antipov's revolutionary life.

Overrated Book?

I hope I have made clear how impressive Pasternak's book seems to me. For it is only if I have succeeded in doing this that I ought to say that I think it has been a good deal overrated by some Western critics. The true achievement is the whole body of Pasternak's poetry with which *Dr. Zhivago* finds its place. But *Dr. Zhivago* has a central flaw and it would be a false and dishonouring respect to Pasternak not to remark on it. For there is an ambiguity in Pasternak's attitude which I can perhaps locate

like this. Pasternak treats his characters like the cast of a play, or rather like the dancers in a formal masque. He brings them together and separates them again and again, and their odd coincidental re-encounters are a necessary part of his techniques. But he continually suggests and occasionally makes explicit a claim that these meetings and partings have a mysterious pattern of an almost supernatural character.

In this suggestion, which I find unconvincing, I sense a hesitation. Pasternak after all did not disintegrate like Zhivago, did not commit suicide like Essenin or Mayakovsky. He lived through and with both the Revolution and Stalinism. He saw the pre-1914 intelligentsia from the outside and judged their limitations. But he still hangs on to the half-hearted supernaturalism of that age, to the humanized Christianity of Zhivago. Oddly enough, one feels that it is Christianity and not Marxism with which Pasternak has failed to make an adequate reckoning, and the editors of *Novy Mir* are right to stress Pasternak's dubiously Christian attitude. So you have, in the novel, rather contrived and sham suggestions of a more than this-worldly agency in which Pasternak seems to share Zhivago's weaknesses and which tempts one back towards the view that Pasternak identifies himself with Zhivago.

In one sense I am taking the side of the Soviet critics over Pasternak, although not in a way that they would welcome. For I certainly agree with them that the question of Pasternak's aesthetic achievement is essentially linked to that of his attitude to the political events which he recounts. But, unlike the Soviet critics, I feel that, whatever his own intention, he has brought home the human reality of the Revolution with a rare force, the more tellingly because he has been at such pains to put the evils and tragedy in the foreground. The paradox of *Dr. Zhivago's* reception is the way that it underlines the truth of some of the things that Pasternak seems to be trying to say. For in the West the misreading of *Dr. Zhivago* leads to a welcoming of the book because the Western critic finds it so easy to identify himself with the main character. He, too, is characteristically an intellectual whose culture and ideals are divorced from the political movements of the age, who even prides himself on this divorce. This leads him to note Pasternak's sympathy for Zhivago, but to ignore what Pasternak shows of the limitations of Zhivago's vision and morality. In the East the misreading of *Dr. Zhivago* leads to a condemnation because the ruling class in Russia cannot bear to look at the tragic side of the growth of revolutionary history.

'Genuine Power'

Part of the genuine power of Pasternak's book is manifest by the way in which the reactions of both East and West to it reveal how each is in its own way a victim of those alienations to which Pasternak points. The paradox is deepened by the fact that in Russia *Dr. Zhivago* would be an important corrective to current views of the Bolshevik Revolution, but there they are not permitted to read it. Whereas a far more plausible case might be made out for preventing people from reading it in the West, where thousands of readers will not recognize the one-sidedness of Pasternak's history, and where the chances of those readers turning to a full account of the Bolshevik Revolution are very small indeed. It is in Russia that *Dr. Zhivago* needs to be read.

I do not suppose that the view of Pasternak which I have suggested will do other than arouse hostility on all sides. But if I have done anything to break up the dusty stereotypes of both communism and anti-communism, which have been brought out by the editors of *Novy Mir* and by Pasternak's would-be defenders in the West, I shall be satisfied. I think, and it is a terribly impertinent thing to say after having talked my own fill about Pasternak, that perhaps we are all talking about it far too much. In so doing we may have lost the sense of the vast and inescapable order of time and nature which pervades Pasternak's lyricism and which provides a back-cloth for the time-bound incidents at the front of his stage. With all those faults which it would be absurd to deny, it remains true of him that he has let the years of the Revolution live through him. As he says in one of Zhivago's poems:

In me are people without names,
Children, Stay-at-homes, trees.
I am conquered by them all
And this is my only victory.

—Third Programme

The Pantomime Revisited

By A. ALVAREZ

UNTIL this winter, I had not been to a pantomime since I was a child. The only convention I could properly remember was the nursery lore that the moral and the beautiful are always women, the bad, grotesque, or merely funny, always men, no matter what sex they are dressed up to be. So it was odd this year to see how much the conventions can vary. For, at the moment, London has a complete cross-section of the art of pantomime. There is a genuine Victorian pantomime at the Lyric, Hammersmith; there are the stock suburban and West End suburban shows, which have the air of having gone on in the same way for a long time; finally, there is a glossy production at the Coliseum which is doing something rather new to the form.

Before I started my rounds, I thought that the difference between the old-fashioned and modern pantomimes was simply one of innocence. Not at all. Granted, the smarter the show the smuttier were the comics. But as for literacy and style, *King Charming*, the Victorian pantomime at the Lyric, Hammersmith, was far the most sophisticated. Pantomimes, of course, are for the children, so heaven forbid they should descend to the play-as-you-learn tactics of mildly educational television. Planché, the Victorian author, as excellently adapted by Gordon Snell, was obviously not trying to educate anyone, but he was able to assume that everyone in the audience knew at least the famous bits of Shakespeare well enough for him to make jokes about them, just as the modern pantomimes joke about television. In all of the latter there was only one faintly literary gag; that was in *The Sleeping Beauty* at the Palladium, when the witch Carabosse is called up by a friendly wizard: 'You summoned me', she exclaims, 'and I've just got a cauldron on the boil'.

'Who are you expecting', replies the wizard, 'Macbeth?' It is crude stuff when you think that *King Charming* is full of lines like:

I could dance like twenty Tagliones.
Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ponies.

There is nothing educational about this. It is merely funny. But the comic exuberance presumes a degree of literacy in the audience that is now apparently beyond us. Perhaps that is why the audience at the Lyric was so depressingly small. It could certainly have had nothing to do with the pantomime itself, which is one of the funniest and best-acted in London.

King Charming used another convention, also now dead: that is, that the audience was capable of listening. Hence all those puns and deliberately excruciating rhymes. There was no such

attempt in any of the other shows. *Sleeping Beauty* was the only other pantomime I saw to use rhymed couplets and that, as the good fairy complained on her final exit, is now a tiresome convention. Considering the verse never rose beyond:

I'm not finished yet. I'm far too plucky.

I'll try again and maybe third time lucky

—she may well have been right. The modern pantomimes, in fact, succeed despite what is said. For example, the two comic stars of the big West End shows, Tommy Steele and Charlie Drake,

are absolutely unfunny in everything they say. Mr. Steele is, I think, a mistake anyway. He seems to imagine that to trot around with his shoulders hunched and to talk in a heavily cockney accent is funny in itself. It is not, a fact which the real comedians, Jimmy Edwards and the Ugly Sisters, Kenneth Williams and Ted Durante, ably showed. Mr. Drake is better than that. But he, too, might as well never say a word. He relies on his extraordinary, dumpy looks and his ability to suffer custard pies gladly. Even the best comics, Jimmy Edwards and Bernard Bresslaw, are funnier to watch



A scene from *King Charming*, the pantomime at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith: centre foreground are Joan Sterndale Bennett as Tyrana, Walter Horsbrugh as Henpekt, Gwen Cherrell as Charming the First, Dennis Wood as Tinsel, and Priscilla Morgan as Princess Troutina

than to hear. In short, since television took over, words are 'out'. I wonder if even the great Tommy Handley would be popular.

The standard now is simply the spectacle. The two most conventional shows I saw—*Sleeping Beauty* at the Palladium and the Chiswick Empire's *Cinderella*—work on the assumption that, since Christmas is the only time children go to the theatre, they must therefore be given everything, including the kitchen-stove. The plot is merely a peg on which to hang gaudy costumes, dances, slapstick, and sing-songs. Moreover, the stars, as soon as they decently can, drop their official roles and go into the routines that have made them famous. Miss Joan Regan, at Chiswick, is particularly remarkable in this; she spends most of her valuable time at the ball singing into the microphone, with no one else on the stage—not even Prince Charming. But it does not in the least spoil the spirit of the occasion, for both shows are merely music-halls in sheep's clothing.

As such, the Chiswick Empire gives better value. Admittedly, the costumes are nowhere near so lush, nor the names so famous; it has no science fiction and only produces six ponies to the Palladium's six full-grown horses. But its Ugly Sisters, the Burt Twins, are bigger and uglier than one could ever imagine; it boasts excellent acrobats, the Marcellis; Sid Millward and his Nitwits; a Buttons who does a creditable imitation of the Vanwall in action; and a whole chorus of what the author of *Lolita* calls 'nymphets'. Both theatres scored about equally on their sing-songs, and the

Palladium won the slapstick on points, having more custard-pies per square comic, and a tank of water as against a mere bucket.

The outright winner in livestock, however, is the Coliseum. As well as the regulation six ponies, it has a horse and a flock of geese. Moreover, its funny men are funnier, though I would give that prize to Shirley Lee and Priscilla Morgan at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Despite this, *Cinderella* at the Coliseum is not a usual pantomime. The curtain went up on a crowd scene and instead of the usual blinding pinks, oranges, and violets, all was subdued. This in itself is extraordinary in a pantomime; it was like not being able to hear the sound-track of a film, which, as someone said, is a sure sign that one is in for a piece of great cinema. Even odder, the designer, Loudon Sainthill, kept up—or down—this restrained, elegant styling for the whole show. Oddest of all, it did not seem out of key.

The reason is that *Cinderella* is not a traditional pantomime: it is a musical comedy with a pantomime's plot and comic interludes. It is, in fact, the pantomime turned American. Its music and lyrics are by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Its pace, dancing, and sets have all the lavish efficiency of the usual American productions. Even Tommy Steele drops his 'comic' cockney for the regulation Sinatra accent when he sings. The fairy godmother is socialite New Yorker and her song, 'Impossible'—the best of the evening—makes fun of her whole vocation. Most unconventional of all, the men, good and bad, are men. As a musical comedy, it is sophisticated, amusing, beautiful to look at, and full of good tunes and risky jokes. The parents, rightly, seemed to enjoy it immensely. But as a pantomime for the children, I am not so sure. But then, the evening I went, there were hardly any in the audience, anyway.—'Comment' (*Third Programme*)

The Moral Philosophy of Sartre

The first of two talks by MARY WARNOCK

ENGLISH moral philosophers in the last sixty years sometimes seem to have spent most of their energy and ingenuity on one single project, the refutation of utilitarianism. The utilitarians were attacked by Moore because they committed what he called the naturalistic fallacy, and a hostility to ethical naturalism has been the most obvious common element in the vast majority of English writings since Moore's *Principia Ethica*. The basis of the attack was that the utilitarians, especially Mill, tried to account for the goodness of good things by reference to their effect upon human happiness. A thing was good in proportion as it increased happiness, bad as it diminished it. But to suppose that there could be a necessary identity between those things which maximized happiness and those which were good seemed to Moore completely to miss the essential and unique flavour of ethical goodness, which he thought must be a thing by itself, not analysable in terms of anything else at all. It was just as serious a fallacy to define goodness in terms of metaphysical concepts, or derive ethics from some metaphysical system which explained the world, as to derive it from empirical considerations.

Moore was not the first anti-naturalist. Kant had been equally hostile to naturalism, but there was an important difference between Kant and Moore. For Kant the central concept of morality was that of obligation. What a moral philosopher had to do was to explain the source of that sense of being absolutely obliged to do this or to do that which a man might feel when he was presented with an occasion for acting. It was this obligation which Kant insisted must have a non-natural, non-empirical foundation. Moore, on the other hand, was concerned to preserve the concept of *goodness* from the contamination of the natural.

Interest in Goodness

It may not at first seem that this is such an important difference between them, but I think it is enormously important, at least from the point of view of the historian of ethics. If you consider what things are good you may, it is true, include among the good things actions of one kind or another, but they are just as likely to be other people's actions as your own. And things which are not actions but, say, states of affairs may well be included. Saying that something is good is a way of judging or assessing it, and you can judge everything you can think of. It is agreed by all moral philosophers and was first clearly stated by Hume, that these judging words may sometimes have a marked effect both on the actions of others and on our own actions. But to philosophers since Moore this has, on the whole, suggested simply that the words in which we make our assessments have a peculiar logical character, which can be clearly stated in such a way that their relations to motives and feelings and even to choices will be revealed. And so it has come about that, like Moore, recent

English moral philosophers have been interested mostly in goodness, but the object of their interest has turned into something extremely remote from what Moore himself passionately defended against naturalism.

Moore was interested in a unique 'quality' which he believed good things to possess, and which he said could not be accounted for by the possession of any other qualities at all. But because later philosophers realized more clearly than Moore did that actions and choices and obligations also formed part of the subject-matter of ethics, and possibly the most important part, they fixed their attention on the word 'good' and tried to show that, by being a very special kind of word, it operated upon people and entered into their decisions and choices in a way in which no non-ethical word is supposed to be able to. So, by easy stages from something utterly different, moral philosophy slipped into the role of analysing 'the logic of ethical arguments' and the force of ethical words.

Looking at the Words We Use

I am not launching an attack on linguistic analysis. I firmly believe that in order to find out about the concepts we have it is necessary to look at the words we use, and I see no other way to find out. But the crucial difference between philosophy in general and ethical philosophy is that ethical philosophy, being concerned with human behaviour and the problems which arise out of human actions and choices, is necessarily not so much interested in the concepts we use as in the things which we do and feel. As moral agents, though we may be concerned to classify and to describe, more fundamentally we are concerned to act; and it is with moral agents that moral philosophers are, directly or indirectly, supposed to be dealing. My contention is, therefore, that if any kind of moral philosophy inclines to obscure this proper interest, if it tends to assimilate moral philosophy too closely to a theory of knowledge, it is to that extent defective.

The most influential recent English and American theories have had this tendency. Moore thought that goodness was an actual property possessed by certain states of consciousness. Many things could be said to be good because they led to the production of these states of consciousness. But when one of these states of consciousness came into existence, no further reason could be produced to justify describing it as good. Intrinsic goodness was just one of the properties which the situation had, and if you considered it you could not fail to notice it. Moore was not, that is, concerned at all with the word 'good'. He was concerned with the property which he conceived intrinsic goodness to be. And, as any intuitionist must be, he was fully prepared to give us examples of things which had this property. Sometimes the difference between English and continental moral philosophy is represented as lying mainly in the fact that while continental

moral philosophers are willing to make actual moral judgments, and to come out boldly in favour of this or against that actual moral position, English moral philosophers are not. There is much in contemporary literature to bear this out. English philosophers are certainly prone, in the prefaces to their books, to disclaim all interest in actual moral views and to undertake instead nothing more than an analysis of moral expressions. But I do not think that this is the whole difference or the most important difference between them; and if it does by accident mark off some English philosophers from their foreign contemporaries, it certainly does not serve to mark off Moore. He was, in this sense, as deeply committed as anyone. For Moore, even more than for Sartre, particular moral views were indeed deeply interwoven into moral theory.

The Formal Old Quartet

So hostility to naturalism took a different turn after Moore's *Principia Ethica*; and though many philosophers have claimed kinship with Moore, the most obvious connecting thread between him and them has been the perpetuation of the standpoint of judgment as opposed to that of decision. The other common feature has been an insistence that the concepts central to ethics are few and general. Thus, though the emotive theories and those later elaborations and refinements of them associated with the names of Urmson, Hare, Nowell-Smith, and others have been concerned with the analysis of moral words and phrases, the words and phrases selected for analysis have for the most part been a pretty well-worn and traditional set. There has been much attention paid to 'good', 'ought', 'right', and 'duty', a fairly formal and contentless old quartet. And of this quartet, 'good' and 'ought' have come in for more attention than the other two, because of their even greater generality. The principle has been that before words are considered in their moral context (the limits of which are not in any case absolutely clear), they should be considered first perfectly generally as they may apply to anything whatever, moral or non-moral. 'Duty' is not, obviously, so suitable for this neutral treatment as the other words are.

Once again, I must make it clear that I am not in general against such a project as this. Far from it. But in the case of these particular words I feel that they are so vague that a minute analysis of their meanings will scarcely in the end turn out to be possible; and, if it were, it would not do more than serve as the first step in a tentative approach to morals. We were told, for instance, that 'good' is a word which expresses our feelings and that it also serves to rouse feelings of the same kind in our hearers (the emotive theorists were never absolutely clear about which of these two functions, if they can be separated, was to be considered more important). Stevenson's original articles in which he expanded this doctrine were ingenious and fascinating, and contained many subtleties. Later we were told that when we said something was good we were not so much expressing any feeling about it as grading it—placing it, for various different reasons, high up on a list of comparable things. We were also told that when we said something was good we meant that it was the thing we would choose. This last was less plausible, but it brought the discussion a little nearer to the discussion of human conduct, and to that extent was more like a moral theory.

Why Be So Selective?

My objection to these theories is twofold. First, I do not think that they have any particular relevance to moral philosophy. I believe that many different moral philosophers would happily agree to some one of these various analyses of the words they use. It is perfectly open to any philosopher, Kant, Moore, Mill, Hume—anyone you can think of—to agree that in saying that something is good we are rating it pretty high on some imagined scale. But then the question still remains what we rate high and why. I do not think that this would be disputed by Urmson or Stevenson either; but they would say that this further question was not a question for moral philosophers, but for moralists of a practical kind. Why should we be so selective, and allow that no one before the twentieth century has been a moral philosopher? It seems unreasonable, particularly since the clarification of the concept of goodness by means of the word 'good' would cast just as

much light upon aesthetics of the judgment of racehorses or confectionery as it does upon ethics.

This leads to my second criticism: if clarification of concepts is what a moral philosopher should undertake, and I am far from wishing to dispute this, then surely he would be better employed if he started nearer the goal. Why should he stop at analysing words which are admitted by everyone to have no peculiar reference to morals? Why not start with words which are clearly moral in their sphere of application, such words as 'selfish', 'generous', 'corrupt', and others of this kind? I believe that a great many philosophers in Oxford at present do go in for this kind of consideration; and certainly Professor Nowell-Smith in his book says that it would be desirable. So perhaps the most barren period is already over. I have the feeling that it is.

We all know that on the Continent things are different. Sometimes they may seem to be so very different that the only thing to do is to say that there are two totally different subjects, English style and continental style. But I think it would be harmful to philosophy to do this. It is better to try to see both in perspective; and I really think the unoriginal opinion that it would be nice if we could learn from one another is worth expressing once again. I take as representative of the continental view the philosophy of Sartre, not because it is typical, but because, as far as I know it, it is easily the best.

The philosophy of Sartre is sodden with Hegelian metaphysics. The thick obscurity and stylistic loathsomeness of his work are also Hegelian. I do not wish to pretend that reading Sartre is a particularly pleasant activity, but I do think that it is rewarding in a way in which it is not rewarding to read the work of any moral philosopher who has written in English since Moore. Another thing that I do not want to be taken to be advocating is a return to metaphysics. Such a thing would not be possible even if it were desirable. Philosophy progresses, and one of the marks of progress is that it is no longer possible for philosophers to say whatever they like, and set up systems of science or cosmology of their own amateurish kind. But what philosophers can do is to widen their own horizons. They could surely take people more seriously.

What English Moral Philosophy Fails To Do

I must briefly return to what I have already said about English moral philosophy, to show that in two ways this is what it fails to do. First of all, the insistence upon the peripheral activity of analysing words like 'good' and 'ought' trivializes the subject. Moral philosophers tend to suggest that though there are doubtless interesting facts about human psychology to be learned from psychologists, or even profound truths about what we should do and avoid to be learned from moralists, it is not their task to touch on any of these. They have done their duty if they have clarified our minds upon the topic of the logic of evaluative words in general. This takes our eyes off morals, and moral philosophy emerges as an easy, boring subject.

More fundamentally we must go back to Moore for the origin of the failure. If, as Moore did, we regard morals as a matter of judging things good or bad (discerning, he thought, the amount of intrinsic goodness in them) we are inevitably bound to concentrate not upon ourselves as moral agents, but upon things in the outside world which we describe in a certain way. People are not specially important—either as the source of moral judgments or as the objects which we judge. Provided we distinguish the peculiar kind of judgment which is ethical from other kinds of judgment, we have done all we can do. Our moral life is represented as a kind of endless spying on one another. I drop out, and become an anonymous figure sitting behind my lace curtains. Other people perform antics for me to watch and pass judgment upon. Then they have a turn at watching me, while I perform those antics which I enjoyed when they performed them for me. The only common question which we all have is how to describe what we see.

The philosophy of Sartre leads us firmly out of this picture into the quite different one in which the world is divided into two. There are two different kinds of being, objects which have no choice but to be as they are, and human beings who can choose what to do. The 'upsurge in the world' of initiating agents is

(continued on page 68)

NEWS DIARY

December 31, 1958 -
January 6, 1959

Wednesday, December 31

The three Western Powers reject latest Soviet proposals on Berlin but say they are ready for negotiations 'in an atmosphere devoid of coercion or threats'

Prices on London Stock Exchange reach their highest level for twenty-four years

In Cyprus, leaflets, distributed by Eoka, threaten to end the present truce unless an approved political solution for the island is reached

Thursday, January 1

President Batista of Cuba flees to the Dominican Republic. Señor Carlos Piedra appointed provisional President. Riots break out in Havana, the capital

Police in Cairo are reported to have arrested several leading Egyptian Communists

Mr. Eugene Black, President of the World Bank, has a meeting with the Egyptian Minister of Economic Affairs, Dr. Kais-suni, in Cairo to discuss Anglo-Egyptian financial differences

Friday, January 2

Russians launch a rocket aimed towards the moon

Units of rebel army in Cuba are reported to have entered Havana. Dr. Fidel Castro, leader of the rebels, nominates Dr. Urrutia as provisional President

Earth tremor shakes Channel Islands

Saturday, January 3

President Eisenhower sends message of congratulation to the Russians on the successful launching of their space-rocket

Meeting between Mr. Nehru, Prime Minister of India, and Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, ends in Delhi

Sunday, January 4

Russian space-rocket passes beyond the moon and begins to go into orbit round the sun

Mr. Mikoyan, Soviet Deputy Prime Minister, arrives in Washington on a visit

Mr. Mintoff, leader of Labour Party in Malta, says he will call for passive resistance if Britain goes ahead with her constitutional plans

Thirty killed in rioting at Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo

Monday, January 5

The Government decides to revoke the present constitution of Malta, and to make special interim arrangements

The New Mental Health Bill is published

Crew of balloon 'The Small World' arrives in Barbados after twenty-four-day journey across the Atlantic, the last 1,200 miles being completed by sea in the balloon's gondola

Tuesday, January 6

British troops start big patrol exercises in the Troodos Mountains in Cyprus

Crowds attempt to enter British Embassy in Havana, Cuba



Russians buying newspapers in Moscow last weekend to read about the progress of their latest space-rocket, launched on January 2. The rocket early this week began to go into orbit round the sun; Right: a model of a 'moon-rocket' in an exhibition, 'The Soviet Earth Satellites', now showing in Prague; it is believed to be similar to the one just launched



Mr. Edwin Muir, poet, novelist and critic, who died on January 3, aged seventy-one. His translations (with his wife) of Kafka brought the works of that writer before the British public for the first time. Among his other best known books are *The Structure of the Novel*; *Scottish Journey*; *Collected Poems*; and his autobiography *The Story and the Fable*. He was for many years the regular reviewer of 'New Novels' for THE LISTENER



'Christ Washing the Feet of His Disciples' by Tintoretto which is on view at the gallery of Thomas Agnew in London until January 14. The painting will be acquired by the Toronto Art Gallery, Canada, if enough money is raised by public subscription





Jubilant crowds celebrating in Havana, capital of Cuba, on January 1 after the flight from the country of President Batista. Early this week Dr. Fidel Castro, leader of the revolution, was reported to be on his way to the city



Admiral of the Fleet Lord Mountbatten of Burma who has been appointed Chief of the Defence Staff in succession to Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir William Dickson



Closed-circuit television being used during the construction of a building on the South Bank, London. It enables the foundations of a twenty-six-storey tower—sunk to a depth of ninety feet—to be inspected



by Marie-Antoinette as a been lent by Lord Spencer in 'The Ageless Diamond' Christie's, London, tomorrow

Ratcliffe of the Cavendish bridge, giving a lecture for 'The Ionosphere and the Geophysical Year'—at the Museum, London, last week



Cardinal William Godfrey, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, giving the Papal Blessing at the solemn reception held in Westminster Cathedral on December 31 on his return from Rome where he received the Red Hat from the Pope



An exhibit at the National Boat Show at Olympia: The 'sub-aqua-jet' which provides motive power for an underwater swimmer

(continued from page 65)

the phenomenon which the moral philosopher has to investigate. Our attention is centred now upon ourselves as agents. The questions which are now raised are: How do we choose and What do we choose? It hardly needs saying that this is at least in part a return to the Kantian standpoint, from which the great division appears to be that between nature, passive and governed by laws, and rational beings who are free to act, in so far as they are rational. There are other ways, too, in which Sartre echoes Kant, but this is the most fundamental.

There is another important feature of the philosophy of Sartre which in a way arises out of this Kantian viewpoint, but which is new. Sartre tells us that human beings, who are beings for themselves, are nothing except what they make themselves. The fact that they have consciousness entails that they are constantly thinking of something, but separated from this object by an emptiness which is what consciousness consists of. Human beings are essentially hollow. They are constantly aiming to fill this essential emptiness by thoughts, but

above all by possession of objects, and by actions. They have no essence except to do whatever they choose to fill this emptiness. In contrast, non-conscious material objects are not hollow. They are beings in themselves. They are solid, through and through. A table is nothing except a table and essentially this. Conscious beings are perpetually striving to attain thick, solid existence. Yet, if they ever achieved it, it would be at the price of consciousness. There is a third kind of being, being for others. Human beings are not alone in the world. That Hegelian character, the other, is in the world too. And for other I am an object in the world: my consciousness does not appear for the other, or only as a tiny crack in my solidity; I may be regarded as predictable and subject to laws like other material things.

The drama of man's life is played out according to Sartre in the relations of those three kinds of being. At once, into the description of the world enter concepts like desire, futile aspiration, trying to possess, trying to be. And this seems to me the other crucial element in Sartre's philosophy, he would regard it as impossible to

describe the human situation without in so doing describing emotions which affect people, not accidentally or by chance, but necessarily because of what they are and how they are placed in the world. Thus they suffer anguish when they realize that they are utterly free to choose what to be, and are not, like material objects, determined by their nature to be this or to be that. They suffer feelings of nausea when they contemplate the contingency and disorderliness of things in the world, which they long to be able to classify and pin down and possess, though they cannot. Some of these emotions do not obviously affect behaviour. But the point is that the man of whom Sartre writes when he writes philosophy is a real man, with powerful feelings, and desires, and complex reactions. We feel that even if we meet him only in the middle of a farrago of Hegelian nonsense, he is a man who is far more recognizable, and far more worth going on about than the attenuated being who lurks on the pages of the English moral philosophers, who neither acts nor feels but only awards marks.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Reith Lectures

Sir,—May I please beg a little of your space to pay heartfelt tribute to Professor Lovell's wonderful last Reith Lecture (THE LISTENER, December 18)? Many of your readers must have been thrilled by it. To me it brought not only a greater awareness of my ignorance—always a good thing—but the optimistic reflection that there can't be much wrong with Great Britain while it continues to produce such brilliant minds.

Professor Lovell has widened our horizons to where we see the mysterious primeval atom. It may not be for ever unknowable, but theologians and others will now have to think very deeply before venturing to dogmatize on its nature.

Yours, etc.,

Bajamar, Tenerife HENRY SAVAGE

Sir,—Mr. George Whitfield, in his letter published in THE LISTENER of January 1, perpetuates a popular libel on St. Augustine. It was *not* 'the saint' who answered the question 'What was God doing before he made heaven and earth?' with the frivolous jape 'Preparing a hell for the inquisitive', but an anonymous wag whom Augustine quotes (*Confessions* xi, 12) only to censure.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge J. BURNABY

[Professor Lovell has promised to reply to the correspondence arising out of his Reith Lectures next week.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Jehovah's Witnesses

Sir,—Your critic Mr. K. W. Gransden writes of the Jehovah's Witnesses: 'They believe that Armageddon is due any day now, and that they alone of the living will be saved. This ferocious Calvinism, combined with extreme Old Testa-

ment literalism, did not seem to me to have much connexion with Christianity: one speaker let a child die for want of a blood transfusion because "the Bible says that you must not take blood"....'

I am of course horrified by this attitude to blood transfusion. But in justice one must insist that it is most unfair to describe the eschatological views of the Jehovah's Witnesses as 'ferocious Calvinism'. For it is a distinctive feature of their doctrine that they hold that those who are not saved die. They are *not* condemned to eternal suffering in Hell. In this enormously important respect many might consider that the doctrine of this group is as superior to as it is different from that of traditional Christianity.

I quote from one of their pamphlets, *Hell Fire*:

Human courts of justice impose the death penalty, not torture, for the worst of crimes. God's justice is not less than man's. He is no fiend or sadist. He too decrees the death penalty, not torture, for the incorrigibly wicked....

Yours, etc.,

Keele ANTONY FLEW

Looking to the Future

Sir,—A statement in Lord Samuel's talk printed in THE LISTENER of December 18 requires definite correction. He compares the humane philosophy of Goethe with the barbaric philosophy, among others, of Oswald Spengler. It may be of some use to draw his attention to the note at the end of Spengler's introduction to his major work (*The Decline of the West*) in which Spengler himself says:

The philosophy of this book I owe to the philosophy of Goethe. I would not have one word changed in this: 'The Godhead is effective

in the living and not in the dead, in the becoming and the changing, not in the become and the set-fast, and therefore, similarly, the reason (*Vernunft*) is concerned only to strive towards the divine through the becoming and the living, and the understanding (*Verstand*) only to make use of the become and the set-fast'. [Goethe to Eckermann]. This sentence comprises my entire philosophy. [page 49 Vol I—1926. Ed.]

Yours, etc.,

Amersham D. P. COULTON

Sir,—Lord Samuel's concern that 'we realize as an essential factor that men, by their own decisions, affect the course of their own evolution' (THE LISTENER, December 25) should be welcome to biologists, many of whom, even before the advent of nuclear bombs, would have liked politicians to be more cognizant of the biological implications of their decisions. The dimension of evolutionary time must be added to the social conscience.

I wonder, however, whether the activities which we consider peculiarly human and worthwhile, in Lord Samuel's phrase, 'the vast structure of institutions for promoting the general welfare', can really be reconciled with the evolutionary process as conceived by Darwin? It has been argued, for instance, that modern medical knowledge and social welfare can but perpetuate and spread deleterious genotypes which in harsher societies would be lethal and therefore local and sporadic in their incidence.

It would also be interesting to know more of the effects of class structure on human genetics, particularly if it is true that taxation and a sense of parental responsibility is crippling the reproductive rate of the 'intelligentsia'.

Yours, etc.,

Neath V. G. DEVONALD

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MORE TRAVEL AND HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS ON PAGES 79, 81, 82, 85, 86

Modern German Art

By DAVID SYLVESTER

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA, C.B.E.! It's true that nobody compelled him to accept it, but for his admirers at least it smacks of adding insult to injury that a modest 'honour' should constitute the first British official recognition of the most eminent twentieth-century painter of British nationality: there has been no official exhibition; there has been no official portrait-commission; and although the Tate has accepted the gifts of two small paintings, it has purchased nothing, not so much as a drawing.

Yet it would be wrong to see this neglect as, on the one hand, a case of British official obtuseness or, on the other, a hard-luck story about Kokoschka. It is merely a part and a symptom of a larger pattern—that of an indifference towards modern Central European art in general, of which France, for one, has been rather more guilty than we have. Recently, all this has changed. Not only has the work of the Central European expressionists become highly fashionable in the West, but ideas that originated in Central Europe have come to have a dominant influence upon artists working in Western Europe, and, indeed, in the United States, a tendency paralleled by the post-war spread of existentialism. Certainly, it would be claiming too much to attribute the strongly expressionist bias of recent figurative art to the specific influence of the German expressionists, for this influence has been outweighed by that of Permeke, Rouault, Soutine, and Van Gogh.

But among abstract and semi-abstract artists, two specific German influences, those of Kandinsky and Klee—sometimes channelled through Miró—have been immeasurably important. For instance, it would be no exaggeration to say that the impact of the big Klee exhibition in Paris in 1948 changed the face of French painting in a more-or-less abstract idiom (compare, for example, the work being done by painters as different as Manessier and Dewasne immediately before the exhibition with what they started to do immediately after). Again, two German abstract painters working in Paris, but working in the German tradition, Wols and Hartung, have exerted a greater influence there than did any German painter, not excluding Ernst, who worked there at an earlier period.

More important even than the influence of German painting has been the fertilizing power of the aesthetic ideas of Kandinsky and Klee—and while it is true that neither of them was German-born, their ideas were formed in Munich and developed at the Bauhaus, and they were ideas with a thoroughly German pedigree traceable back to Novalis and Goethe.

The idea, or rather the complex of ideas, that has gained the widest currency is Klee's conception of the relation between the work of art, the artist, and nature as being analogous to a tree, with nature as the roots, the artist the trunk, his work the crown. The work is supposed to be an expression of natural laws, rather than of nature's formal forms. 'Not forms, but

forming'. Instead of Cézanne's ideal, which dominated earlier twentieth-century painting, of art as a harmony parallel to the harmony of nature, the ideal is of art as a revelation of the forces and laws underlying nature. 'Art does not



'Woman with Candle': woodcut (1920) by Max Beckmann

render the visible, it renders visible'. These assumptions about art are probably believed in by a majority of artists today, other than those who are more-or-less realists (it is an attitude which clearly goes hand-in-hand with the current preoccupation with Zen).

The old inhibitions about Central European aesthetic attitudes have, then, been broken down: we readily accept the values of expressionism, of Kandinsky's abstract expressionism, of Klee's nature-mysticism. So that we are now at last in a position to see modern German art itself for what it is, and not to judge it, as the Germans have always accused us of doing, by French standards irrelevant to its aims. In spite of this, German art does not, as I see it, look much better than it did.

I believe that, in terms of quality, modern German art stands to that of France as, by and

large, Japanese art stands to Chinese. What have in mind is not so much the element of harshly expressive deformation, amounting to form of caricature, which is common to German and Japanese art, as the fact that the aesthetic vitality of the forms in both German and Japanese art is concentrated almost entirely in their silhouettes. In painting and sculpture alike the bounding line of the forms is taut and eloquent in the extreme, but the vibration of life that ought to radiate from every square inch of the surface of the paint or the sculpture is lacking. The form is wanting in inner life, seems not to be shaped by something working from within but to be imposed from without. The paint itself tends to be devoid of movement, so that bright colour becomes garish rather than luminous. (Compare in these respects a Jawlensky or a Macke or even a Kirchner with a *fauve* painting.) On the other hand, when the paint has got movement it is loosely knitted, lacking in density (in this regard compare Kokoschka with a Parisian expressionist, Soutine).

It is not fortuitous that both German and Japanese art look good in reproduction. The reduction of scale concentrates the vivid effect of the expressive silhouette and at the same time nullifies the deadness of surface. Thus modern German painting seemed much less impressive in the exhibition at the Tate three years ago than it does in a new picture-book on the subject.* (It is not, as the blurb claims, the first book in English on the subject: Penguin brought one out twenty years ago, when it was not the likely commercial proposition that it is today.) It is produced in Italy, and very handsomely. There are sixty reproductions in colour and twenty-eight in line. The coloured illustrations are large—half of them are about ten inches by seven—and of high quality, by which I mean not that they have 'fidelity' to the original—a fatuous concept when discussing reproductions whose area is a small fraction of the original's—but that in themselves they are harmonious and alive. It is regrettable that this single example of Klee's late Berne period is not of the type that has been so influential, and that both plates and text ignore the existence of Hartung and Wols.

The text is sensible rather than searching, but in any case is almost impossible to read, for the translation is atrocious. The style has no relation to English and reads as if the German had been rendered, with frequent reference to the dictionary, word by word. Here and there the word is wrong, as with 'wood carving', where 'wood-cutting' is meant. Still, the combination of ponderousness and mistranslation does have its compensations: 'Somewhere in their artistic consciousness memories of Russian folk art encountered Bavarian backs in glass paintings which they could still see painted in the traditional style before their eyes in Murnau. The colourful dreams of youth unexpectedly came across an ancient practice long perfected'.

* *Modern German Painting*, by Hans Konrad Roethel (Eyre and Spottiswoode, £2 10s.), from which the illustration on this page is taken

The Responsibilities of Big Business

(continued from page 48)

and productivity are vital factors in enabling the managers of business fruitfully to fulfil their responsibilities to shareholders and fellow-workers, customers and citizens—all as human beings forming society as a whole.

And what about profits? I am sure that, in the case of modern joint-stock companies, there is a great deal of crooked thinking about profits, and about the 'ownership of business'—crooked thinking by business men no less than by politicians. The orthodox position that 'shareholders are the owners of the company' is out of gear; because a company is a human complex, not merely an economic entity. (And, in passing, I am doubtful about recent attempts to seduce employees into thinking that their working relationship will be significantly changed by their becoming small shareholders in a company to which they are ready to devote their labour and loyalty.)

But individual shareholders—whether or not they are the owners of the business—are certainly the owners of their shares; and as such they have substantial legal rights (including the legal right, if circumstances force or enable them to get together to do it, to fire the directors and managers, and to sell or wind up the business). And all the employees of a business, not only the directors and managers, have considerable moral responsibilities towards the shareholders, including the responsibility of earning for them and paying to them an acceptable return—acceptable profits—on the money that they have invested in the business through their shares; and of acting as good and just stewards of their investment. Anyway, if managers of businesses are not successful in their stewardship and do not pay an acceptable return on the shares, either the business will fail; or the shareholders will rise together in their wrath to protect their interests. There is nothing wrong about this, provided always that employees, customers, and the community are equally entitled to rise in their wrath to protect their interests if they have reason to

think that their interests are being sacrificed or exploited to the interests of one of the other groups of people involved in the fourfold responsibilities of industry and commerce. In short, profit is necessary; profit is good; and all concerned should profit from business. But Mr. Levitt has debased the currency of profit.

'To Produce, Provide, Distribute'

So here we have—or I hope we have—the clear concept of the big business as a grouping of people together to produce, provide, and distribute. This arrangement, with all its tensions, demands that management, as part of the grouping of employees, must *manage*; and, in managing, must balance and fulfil efficiently their fourfold human responsibilities. Everybody will benefit by efficiency, and nobody in the last resort by inefficiency. And—*pace* Mr. Levitt—the fulfilment of social responsibilities should enhance efficiency by reducing conflicts and eliminating frustrations.

This brings me back to 'responsible people'. How, if my concept of the responsibilities of business be accepted, can supermen be found who are sufficiently akin to archangels to judge the balance of their responsibilities? And what is to stop powerful groups of shareholders, employees, customers, or the community exploiting the others or holding them to ransom? My answer to this is that the best substitute for supermen are ordinary, common-sensible men—and women; moreover, they are the best antidote to supermen. If the management group throughout any business—all levels of the management group from chairman to supervisor—represent a broad cross-section of the community, then the wider the range of background and temperament and views (including political views) at every level of the organization, the more representative of, and adaptable to, the values of the community will the organization become. In this way checks and balances will exist within the

business itself as well as in its organic relationships with the whole community.

Truly responsible people must be people with a purpose. Professor J. D. Bernal in *World without War*—in a context far different from mine—has recently written:

What we have lost, particularly in the old capitalist countries, and what really gives salt to life is *purpose*. . . . We have almost forgotten the possibility of a really constructive purpose into which we can throw the whole of our energies and intelligences.

Mr. Levitt's profits, and material gain, and 'something is good only if it pays' cannot seriously be regarded as 'a really constructive purpose into which we could throw the whole of our energies and intelligences'. And government departments, no less than Professor Bernal, may be excused for hardly regarding profiteers as 'responsible people'.

But men and women grouped together in industry, within a free capitalist society, to produce wealth, to provide services, to distribute goods; men and women generating employment; men and women recognizing and being encouraged to recognize responsibility to each other whether as citizens, customers, employees, or shareholders; remembering that they themselves may be all of these at the same time—here surely are responsible people with responsible purposes. Idealism, you may say. But if it is, it is practical idealism. Everybody in his right mind nowadays recognizes the priority of productivity. But productivity, like patriotism, is not enough. What our free world desperately needs is a sense of human purpose which transcends the awe-inspiring material achievement of modern technology and big business. And individual men and women need inspiration beyond personal material gain. The short answer to Mr. Levitt is that being bent on merely making money and thinking that the only good is what pays are hopelessly uninspiring and really dreadfully unattractive.—*Third Programme*

Answers to The Listener's General Knowledge Paper

- I (i) Mr. Nelson Rockefeller
(ii) Lord Parker; Lord Goddard
(iii) President Tito; President Nasser; Dr. Averoff joined them
(iv) Miss Sheila Wilcox; the Badminton Horse Trials
(v) British Columbia. (vi) Alfred Noyes
(vii) Signor Juan Fangio; Cuba
(viii) Princess Margaret
(ix) Mr. Harold Macmillan
(x) Duke of Cornwall became Prince of Wales
- II (i) When he wrote the 'London' Symphony; Vaughan Williams; Sir John Barbirolli
(ii) 'History, archaeology, philology and so forth'. J. P. Postgate in 1925
(iii) 'The Novels of—' Anthony Trollope; Nathaniel Hawthorne; Anthony Trollope
(iv) J. A. Emery ('The Gaffer')
(v) Sir Winston Churchill's; Sir John Rothenstein; in 'Woman's Hour'
(vi) Sir Winston Churchill; Home Secretary
(vii) T. E. Lawrence; Bernard Shaw; A.C.Z.
(viii) Fritz Kreisler; Mr. Ernest Newman
(ix) General Nathan Forrest; American Civil War
(x) Mr. J. B. Boothroyd

- III (i) Stanley Spencer's
(ii) Cézanne's
(iii) Mr. Henry Moore; the Unesco building in Paris
(iv) On an early Byzantine Silver and gilt dish (from the Hermitage Museum)
(v) Sir James Thornhill; Royal Naval College, Greenwich
- IV (i) Théodore Géricault (ii) Mr. O. Kokoschka
(iii) Alexander Cozens (iv) W. R. Sickert
(v) David Bomberg (vi) Georges Braque
(vii) Joseph Wright of Derby
(viii) René Magritte
(iv) Mr. Jackson Pollock
(x) Sir David Wilkie
- V (i) Henry Irving
(ii) Oliver Cromwell
(iii) Tim Healey
(iv) Mr. William Plomer's grandmother
(v) Thomas Hardy
(vi) Wilbur Wright
(vii) Mr. W. R. Rodgers
(viii) Lewis Carroll
(ix) Mr. W. H. Auden
(x) Mr. Jocelyn Bradford's Aunt Geraldine

- VI (i) 'Panorama' (ii) 'Does Class Matter?'
(iii) 'Epic Battles' (iv) 'The Brains Trust'
(v) *Either* 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral' or 'Buried Treasure'
(vi) 'Tonight'
(vii) 'The Inheritors'
(viii) 'Monitor'
(ix) 'Dixon of Dock Green'
(x) 'On Safari'
- VII (i) Sir Arthur Forde; Sir Alexander Cadogan
(ii) Sir Beresford Clark
(iii) Mr. Hugh Carleton Greene: Director of News and Current Affairs
(iv) Richard Dimbleby; David Lloyd James
(v) Mr. Howard Newby
(vi) Mr. Kenneth Adam
(vii) 'The Archers'
(viii) Mr. Patrick Smith
(ix) Mr. Thomas Cadett
(x) Mr. Asa Briggs

No absolutely correct solution was received. A consolation prize of a book token, value 21s., goes to Mr. Khurshid Mazid, of Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

An Introduction to Italian Sculpture

By John Pope-Hennessy.

Part II: Italian Renaissance Sculpture.
Phaidon. £4 10s.

Reviewed by L. D. ETTLINGER

THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM owns one of the finest collections of Renaissance sculpture outside Italy, and this collection is displayed in an exemplary manner. Sculptures and reliefs are arranged to bring out their intrinsic beauty and at the same time a sense of order has been preserved which tells the visitor unobtrusively the story of one of the great creative periods in European art. Mr. Pope-Hennessy, the Keeper of this department, has brought the same feeling for beauty and the same impeccable taste to his *Italian Renaissance Sculpture* and he combines with them erudition worn lightly and an enviable gift for presentation.

The writer on Italian Quattrocento sculpture is faced with a seemingly insurmountable problem. He must at the same time discuss the great masters and account for developments in a variety of important and different centres: Florence, Milan, and Venice all made highly individual contributions, yet there was no 'marble curtain' separating them. Lastly portraiture, the monument, the mythological bronze statuette, and certain types of tombs assume new importance for the sculptor. How can all these strands be woven together? What seems at first a collection of essays on these subjects becomes in fact a wonderfully coherent pattern under Mr. Pope-Hennessy's guidance. This is so because he has allowed himself to be guided not by some preconceived historical or stylistic system but by the very spirit of Renaissance sculpture and by the aesthetics of the period. The illusionistic portrayal of the human frame and the humanist admiration for the comprehensive character of Roman art are the guiding lines along which he unrolls his account.

Mr. Pope-Hennessy now takes up the story which in his first volume (*Italian Gothic Sculpture*) ended with Ghiberti. The new book deals with Italian sculpture from Donatello to the Lombardi: Michelangelo, the High-Renaissance and the Baroque are reserved for a third volume. The story begins in 1401 in Florence with the competition for the Baptistery door, for this was—as Mr. Pope-Hennessy is the first to point out—the first artistic competition of its kind. In it the two aesthetic principles just mentioned played a decisive part, even if 'Gothic' Ghiberti defeated 'Renaissance' Brunelleschi.

Donatello, the greatest sculptor of the age, and Luca della Robbia are discussed next, and it is good to see the latter restored at last to his rightful place, first allotted to him by Alberti, as a man of genius. In Florence 'The Humanist Tomb', 'The Portrait Bust' and the revival of

'The Equestrian Monument' 'brought about not only a revival of sculptural illusionism but a revision of the intellectual basis of the sculptor's art'. And this movement spread outward from Florence and affected also other kinds of commission. Thus chapters on the various regions of Italy follow quite logically; among them those on Rome, Lombardy, and Venice are of outstanding importance, for literature on these is scant and known only to the specialist. In particular Mr. Pope-Hennessy's delicate appre-



'Youth with a Goat', by Riccio, in the Museo Nazionale, Florence
From 'Italian Renaissance Sculpture'

ciation of the works of the Lombardi enriches our understanding of the seemingly cold Venetian classicism. He shows this art to have been the last fulfilment of that humanistic spirit which had first appeared in Florence more than a hundred years earlier. Throughout, sculpture is never treated in isolation and the many cross-references to the history of painting are particularly illuminating.

A special word of praise must be added for the handsomeness of this volume and the excellence of the plates; the Phaidon Press is to be congratulated on a fine publication.

The Pathans 550 B.C.-A.D. 1957

By Olaf Caroe. Macmillan. £3.

Among the races of the Indian sub-continent, various peoples have aroused in British officers and civilians a special enthusiasm and understanding. The Nagas of the North-East Frontier are an obvious case. The Gurkhas of Nepal are

another, the Santals of Bihar a third and the Pathans of northern Pakistan a fourth. It is as if certain qualities in certain peoples met other qualities in certain of the British—to result in a quite unusual relationship of respect and admiration.

Sir Olaf Caroe's book provides, for the first time, a clear and vivid history of the Pathans and enables us to understand a number of salient points—the forces which have shaped Pathan society, the historical events which have made of northern Pakistan their tribal homeland, the Pathan mentality with its pride in male vigour and fearless individualism, and finally the problems which confront a people whose social feelings are not as yet entirely adjusted to life in a modern Asian state. Sir Olaf Caroe believes that these difficulties will ultimately be solved and his conviction will be shared by many readers. He has meanwhile provided a masterly study of this people and it is likely to remain for many years an indispensable guide to their history and problems.

W. G. ARCHER

N.R.F. Edited by Justin O'Brien.

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.

It is astonishing that this is the first raid on the files of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*; it seems even more astonishing that such an anthology has been compiled in the United States and in translation. We are assured that the translators are 'all scholars and teachers holding the Ph.D. from Columbia University'—an assurance which evokes a preliminary cloud of dismay not because we doubt their accuracy but because we fear they will reproduce only too faithfully the rebarbative jargon of French criticism. These fears seem justified when Mr. J. Robert Loy, translating Thibaudet, offers us this curiosity apropos the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: 'Are its academic misonicism and the obstinate hatred with which it attacks Flaubert and the Goncourts, for instance, any less typical of a coterie than the gerontophagy of the former *Revue Blanche*?' A reference to the original confirms that this, word for word, is what Thibaudet wrote; if Mr. Justin O'Brien's intention was to commend the significance of the *NRF* to readers who have no French his project has not been very intelligently served by the transmission of such dead stuff from the distant days of 1920.

La Nouvelle Revue Française, the most influential of all the European periodicals, was the product of 'the generation of 1910': Gide, Valéry, Claudel, Schlumberger, Rivière, Martin du Gard, Valéry Larbaud. The review's prestige was built on Gide's *disponibilité* and Rivière's sense of moral values; it was open to the new things happening such as Dada and Surrealism, yet it never lost sight of the main tradition. All the experiments of the wild men were sifted

through the fine mesh of integrity with which these great figures guarded the pages of their review. The *NRF* thus became an indispensable clearing-house for the *avant-garde* movements which pululated in the 'little magazines', the arena where all the talents graduated. Mr. O'Brien's selection of essays from the monthly issues between 1919 and 1940 reflects this process admirably; its defect is that it revives stale critical controversies whose only interest is that they provided the required climate for the emergence of new writers. One seems to get closer to the ethos of this remarkable periodical in the small, vivid pieces where Larbaud and Gaston Gallimard remember Proust, just as in the current number of *hommage* to the great and lonely Martin du Gard it is the personal memories which transmit the human grandeur of the founders.

Mr. O'Brien's anthology is not exactly the selection an old *abonné* to the *NRF* would make for his own pleasure. What sends him rummaging back through the files are the oddities which have never been reprinted, the writings of those who never quite walked in step with movements and critical theories, least of all with the conventions of revolt. The pleasure of reading the *NRF* is that it has always welcomed such contributors, especially since Paulhan became editor; there is scarcely an issue which has not a small corner for these insignificant paragraphs—often they are not much more than 'notes'. To re-read some of the small pieces which Ch.-Albert Cingria scattered through the issues of the 'thirties, Léautaud's dramatic chronicles (though these have now been republished in full), a poem of Fargue's or the letters of Jouhandeau's mother, puts the 'significant' in its place. Unhappily Mr. O'Brien will think that this sort of affection for the *NRF* is rather frivolous and the seven Ph.D.s from Columbia University will no doubt agree with him.

H. G. WHITEMAN

Georgian Chronicle, Mrs. Barbauld and Her Family. By Betsy Rodgers. Methuen. 21s.

This is the sort of book that gets overlooked. It is modestly written, modestly priced, drearily produced, poorly illustrated. The subject is not glamorous. Georgian chronicles are usually about duchesses skipping in and out of bed, or royal princes and princesses outdoing duchesses. The library-goer expects bucks, macaronis, Brighton, four-in-hands, practical jokes and Mrs. Fitzgerald; here he will find dissenters, Unitarians, Warrington, academies and Mrs. Barbauld. The change is welcome. The solemn, earnest, sensible side of eighteenth-century life is too frequently neglected for the meretricious glitter of the leisured aristocratic world. Leisure was not a commodity Mrs. Barbauld and her friends prized very highly. They sought 'improvement'. Almost as soon as she was weaned she began to learn and, having learnt, turned pedagogue and went on instructing mankind until she died in her eighties. For her world believed absolutely in education. Give them books and give them children and they guaranteed to turn out rational philosophers, men for whom moral principles were as obvious as the light of reason, men who would be able to prove that it was wrong to enslave one's fellow men, that it was absurd to permit Old Sarum, a mere Iron-Age fort, to return two members of Parlia-

ment, unjustifiable to deny full citizenship to those who could not subscribe to the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, that it was inexpedient as well as immoral to deny those freedoms to Americans which Englishmen enjoyed, that it was mere obscurantism that saw in the French Revolution tyranny instead of freedom for the French people. These things were as self-evident to the radical dissenters as the rights of man.

And they lived as they taught. Mrs. Barbauld had the misfortune to marry an impotent neurotic who finally went off his head and tried to kill her. She made the best of it. She eased her yearnings for maternity by adopting a son of her sister-in-law (her luck ran the other way, she had a child a year); as her husband felt most at ease with children she kept him sane by running a school. It proved a tremendous success for it compared more than favourably with the public schools both in the quality of what was taught as well as in the conditions of existence. When the school went sour on him, she packed it up, much as she loved it, and tried the distractions of a Grand Tour on her ailing husband. Somehow she kept him going until his final break-down and suicide in middle age.

She worked all the time, writing good simple books for children and dreary poetry for adults; even when she thought that her powers of application had deserted her, after the death of her husband, she managed to bring out an edition of British novelists in fifty volumes. Dull and tiresome Mrs. Barbauld may have been and a fit subject for Horace Walpole's sneers and Charles Lamb's jokes, yet she possessed courage in heroic measure. Never did she deviate once from her principles nor bewail a fate which she considered to be her own responsibility. She entered her marriage with no illusions, bore it with fortitude, and exercised her talents; lived, indeed, to deserve what would have been to her the most honourable of epithets: *rational philosopher*.

Unfashionable though these dissenters are, they are worth writing about and worth reading about, and this quiet unassuming book ought to find a place on the shelves of all who enjoy reading of eighteenth-century social life.

J. H. PLUMB

The Snob Spotter's Guide. By Philippe Jullian. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s. What is this book about? Snobbery in France, America, Ireland, Oxford: the snobberies of Address Books, Memoirs, Shopping, Motor Cars and the Military: where to live in London, what painters to admire, the technique of name-dropping. Superficially, indeed, it appears to live up to the title under which it originally appeared in French—*Le Dictionnaire du Snobbisme*: in fact however it is as vague and arbitrary as most of these eye-catching would-be-smart compilations tend to be. It is absurd, for instance, that there should be no entries under *Clubs* or *Schools* (or *Education*): these things are the very underpinnings of your snob.

Who is it by? Snob-list of contributors including Lady Aberconway, Loelia Duchess of Westminster, Violet Trefusis, Lords Westbury and Kinross; ably supported by such mere commoners as Messrs. Cecil Beaton, William Plomer and Simon Raven, and M. Peyrefitte. And naturally M. Jullian himself who, besides editing and contributing, has of course decorated the work profusely with his nervous angry little

drawings—of which I commend especially the four merciless sketches of couples under the titles *Grand genre*, *Bon genre*, *Petit genre*, *Mauvais genre*.

Ostensible purpose of the book? To expose the folly and vanity of all snobberies in a humane and witty way. Actual purpose of the book? Evidently to appeal to and amuse the snobbish, for who but the snobbish could be interested in this sort of information about the *practice* of snobbery? (Interest in the *theory* of snobbery is of course quite another thing.) Incipient snobs will buy the *Guide* in order to see just what the advanced snobs are being snobbish about, and imitate it. Advanced snobs will buy it in order to find what they must now abandon, thus enabling themselves, as always, to keep just a step ahead. The reader's guinea in fact is the *entrée* to a cosy little wasp's nest, stings for Them and tickles for Us. *The Snob Spotter's Guide* provides an afternoon's amusement, of a sort; but leaves a faintly bad taste in the mouth. And I am not so sure about the *faintly*.

HILARY CORKE

The Picture Encyclopaedia of Art.

Thames and Hudson. £4 4s.

The considerable modern interest in the arts has stimulated the publication of numerous volumes designed to appeal to a wide public and to make available the large body of specialist information that has accumulated in recent years, and the present book, which was mainly compiled in Germany, must be viewed in this light. Its aim is to present a conspectus of the chief styles and movements from the earliest times onwards, to provide a glossary of the principal terms used in describing architecture and works of art, and to offer a dictionary of the chief architects, painters, and craftsmen. Clearly this is an ambitious task.

The general motive that lies behind this encyclopaedia has much to commend it and, obviously, given the limitations entailed by the need to condense an immense amount of material into one volume, selection has proved essential; in fact, its value, as a practical tool, stands or falls by the nature of the selection and the quality of the interpretations advanced. Unfortunately, though useful in many respects (the chapter dealing with antiquity, for instance, is well done), it is written in such a flat-footed manner that the reader ploughing through the text is rarely if ever excited and never made to see specific periods or items in a fresh way.

The dullness of the passages of general comment could be forgiven if the information provided was invariably impeccable, but this is far from being the case. For instance, anyone anxious to gain some idea of the Rocaille—a style much in evidence as a consequence of the exhibition held this summer at Munich—would retire unsatisfied from his perusal of the 'gobbet' devoted to the phase; and he would remain unaware of the part played by Meissonier in its creation. Again, the entry dealing with art collecting is not only perfunctory but misleading: neither the Duke of Northumberland nor the Earl of Pembroke were buyers from the Orléans collection when it was brought to London; Angerstein did not bequeath his collection of pictures to the National Gallery; while to maintain that only a handful of collectors 'in the old tradition' emerged in the last century is absurd.

Simplification is inevitably dangerous, as can be seen in the passage on seventeenth-century English architecture when, in taking Knole and Hatfield as 'type buildings', the view is sustained that the Gothic was a predominating echo at this period, yet this thesis fails to take account of such important buildings as Longleat. And what can we make of an encyclopaedia that fails to include Fuga, Fontana, de Sanctis, or Juvara, and pays no attention to Pietro da Cortona's important contribution as an architect?

Many of the judgments advanced are questionable, to say the least. It is surely laying it on a

trifle thick to maintain that Stubbs is comparable to Vermeer, and the suggestion that Fragonard's brushstrokes are exclusively delicate is wide of the mark, as a glance at the wonderful decorations in the Frick collection in New York would prove.

The desire to be up to date has also led the compilers into some errors of emphasis; and to argue, as is done here, that Constable had little influence on English painting is to overlook the contribution of Wilson Steer which ought to be mentioned in a book that names Mr. Peter Kinley or Mr. Hamilton Fraser. Naturally the

selection of contemporaries is an ungrateful task but the inclusion of Max Bill and Brianchon and the exclusion of de Staël and Hans Hartung is as curious as is the description of Schwitters as the leader of the German Dadaists.

It is to be hoped that in the next edition care will be taken to revise some of the entries and to weigh rather more stringently the relative importance of candidates for admission, and case could be made out for the inclusion of, like Batoni, C. J. Vernet, and Oudewater, the 'father' of Dutch painting. It would also be worth while providing dates for the illustrations.

DENYS SUTTON

New Novels

Esmond in India. By R. Praver Jhabvala. Allen and Unwin. 15s.
The Unspeakable Sipton. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. Macmillan. 15s.
The Pistol. By James Jones. Collins. 12s. 6d.

IN a recent interview with Mr. Phillip Toynbee in *The Observer*, Mr. E. M. Forster remarked that few contemporary novels make us feel that their authors had enjoyed writing them; and the remark shows that, though Mr. Forster is, unbelievably, eighty, his literary sensibilities are as acute as ever. To a reviewer especially his remark has an ominous truth; he knows that among so many novels which are well written, well constructed, well documented, very few will give him the sensation that the creative spirit has been at work and that the creator has looked upon his work and found it good. And missing this sensation, how naturally one's mind turns back to Mr. Forster's own novels; to so many scenes which so freshly display the artist's delight in his own creation, and how grateful we are that their author should be still here to remind us, by his voice and by his example, of what the art of the novelist really is.

Somewhat heavily, therefore, somewhat dully, at the beginning of a new year, one returns to the latest manifestations of that art and to the publishers' blurbs which so confidently, so stridently, so indiscriminately assure us of the quality of their wares; and what a shock it is, of surprise and pleasure, to come upon a novel which conveys just that sense of the writer's enjoyment in writing it. *Esmond in India* is Mrs. Jhabvala's third novel of life in India and every page of it is alive with the gaiety and high spirits which are such charming features of the Indian character, all the more charming because they are not incompatible with melancholy and irony. Each of Mrs. Jhabvala's characters is a pleasure to her; Ghulab, the indolent beauty, whose greatest delight is to sit on the floor eating chilis and red curry while she lets down her lustrous black hair for her little boy to play with; Shakuntala, the rich young girl straight out of college with her insatiable curiosity about life, and her father and mother, Daddyji and Mummyji, who have all the charm of an ancient civilization adapting itself gracefully to a new world; Ram Nath Uncle, saint and hero of the struggle for independence for whom there is no place in the governmental society of New Delhi; all these and others pass delightfully before us and give us as much pleasure as they do to Mrs. Jhabvala. And not only they but the society in which they live, their customs, habits, ways of thought, become astonishingly clear

just because Mrs. Jhabvala does not need to analyse or describe them; they make themselves clear through the words and thoughts and actions of her characters.

But in this society there is one character who is not at home, although the study of Indian culture is his vocation in life. This is Esmond Stillwood, the Englishman, who gives his name to the title of the book. If one delight of *Esmond in India* is its picture of Indian life, another is its portrait of an Englishman as seen through Indian eyes. It is not a flattering portrait and it is exceedingly funny, though Esmond has charm and cultivation, and is sufficiently attractive to have the beautiful Ghulab as his wife and to make Shakuntala fall in love with him. But the point is that he does not deserve Ghulab's beauty, though beauty is his special study; nor does he deserve Shakuntala's warm and abundant vitality for his essential qualities are coldness, falseness, and pomposity, which are entirely alien to the vast sprawling life of the sub-continent on which he is an expert.

Mrs. Jhabvala plays upon this contrast with a gaiety that comes from the love which she bears towards her own characters but is not allowed to blind her to their defects; she is at once comic and serious and does not use a word of exaggeration or caricature. And we are convinced of the truth of her Indian portraits because her portrait of an Englishman is, alas, so recognizably true to so many Englishmen we know. *Esmond in India* is the most enjoyable novel I have read for a long time.

In comparison, *The Unspeakable Sipton* can only suffer, though it is clever, well written, and about a subject, the failed artist, which is peculiarly interesting because the position of even the true artist is such a queer one in modern Western society. *The Unspeakable Sipton* is also interesting as an example of so many contemporary novels which fall neatly into two halves, of which one is good, the other not-so-good. The good here, and it is very good, consists of the descriptions of the town of Bruges, where Sipton has taken refuge from failure in England, though still convinced of his supreme gifts as a novelist. The descriptions of the town, its architecture, the changes of light and shade and colour are such that we feel as if we were seeing with the eyes of an artist, and they make us understand that Sipton's belief in his own genius is not wholly unjustified. Indeed, if one

were to take the novel seriously, we would have to say that Sipton has at least some, perhaps the most important, of an artist's gifts, but that they are flawed by moral defects, because he is vain, lazy, unscrupulous, incurably selfish, a rogue, a pimp, and one of those crooks whose crookery seems to have no final object except to cheat themselves. He would appear to be fairly closely related to Baron Corvo; Bruges is his Venice. But we cannot take the novel seriously because we have no belief in Sipton's existence except as the object of an interesting and accomplished literary exercise. Even less do we believe in the existence, as individuals, of the four English visitors on whom Sipton battles in an effort to improve his finances. They are simply well-observed types who reproduce accurately some of the more distasteful features of the English intellectual, though one doubts whether even he (or she) is quite as unpleasant or silly as Miss Hansford Johnson makes him. What gives the unspeakable Sipton a great degree of individual vitality is the intensity of his responses to purely sensuous perception but we cannot suspend disbelief to the extent of thinking that they really belong to him and not to Miss Hansford Johnson.

The Pistol is a new novel by the author of *From Here to Eternity*, but whereas that work was very long, this is very short. It is also written with a simplicity and self-control which show that Mr. Jones has not been content simply to aim at repeating the somewhat sensational success of his earlier novel. *The Pistol* is a parable which shows the effects which possession of an army pistol may have upon the character of its owner and upon his comrades-in-arms, the military unit of which he is a member. The pistol has been improperly obtained and eventually has to be returned to army stores, but in the interval it has transformed the character of its temporary owner and all his closest associates. In telling this story, Mr. Jones gives some admirable glimpses into American military life during and after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour. The pistol symbolizes everything that can give men self-confidence and self-reliance, the face of a menacing and mysterious enemy, but Mr. Jones writes with a realism and fidelity to the facts of military life as seen from the point of view of a private soldier which insure that the symbolism of his story never becomes obtrusive.

GORONWY REES

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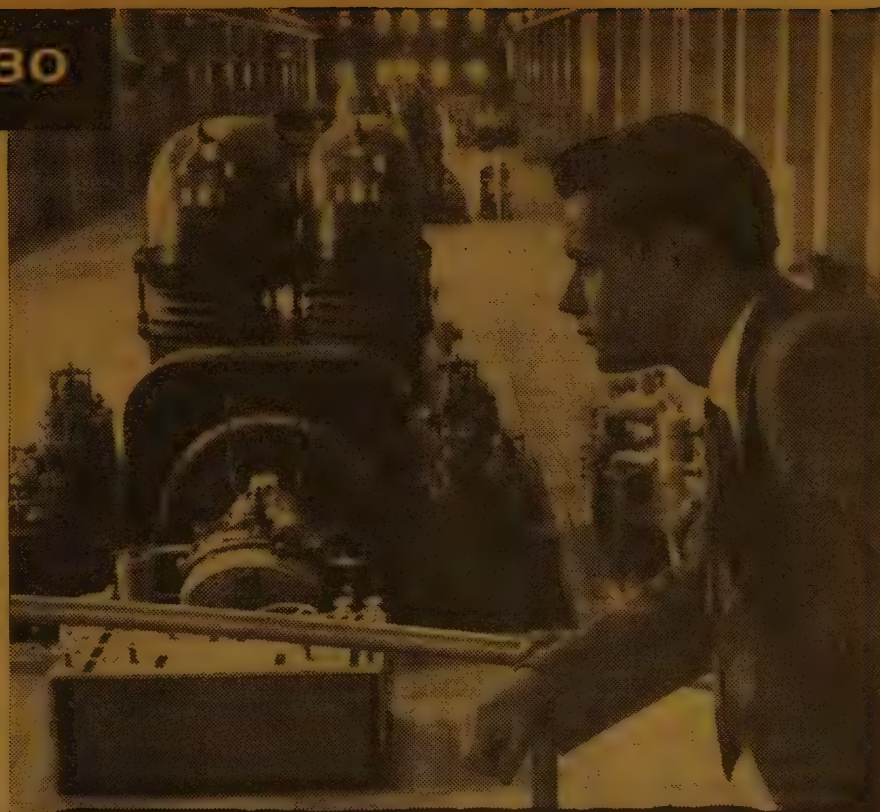
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DOCUMENTARY

Looking Back

THE FIRST MONTH OF THE YEAR—named after the Roman god who was depicted facing both ways—is traditionally a time for looking back as well as forward, for reminiscences as well as resolutions. On Channel One last week, it was the reminiscences which predominated. On Saturday, his seventy-sixth birthday, Lord Attlee, now in retirement and doing his own typing and washing up, talked to Francis Williams about his years of public life. For once, all the advance ballyhoo (unrehearsed, unscripted, uneverything) was absolutely justified. This was a sensationally good broadcast. I was so engrossed in Lord Attlee's anecdotes and splendidly digs and occasional delightful indiscretions that I gave up trying to take notes (which seemed in any case to be hardly in the spirit of the thing) and just sat back and enjoyed the former Prime Minister's astonishingly fluent and impressive judgments of men and affairs. Churchill, Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Chamberlain (a 'municipal administrator'), and many more, came to life between puffs of Lord Attlee's pipe.

Good conversation on that level is so rare that this film must be treasured. One could have quoted from it indefinitely: but quotations would not convey the quality of the actual performance. I must, however, include one remark which seemed, in the casual simple way it was said, so typical of its speaker. Of being Prime Minister he said: 'You're kept fairly busy all the week, but at weekends you get a bit of time off'.

On January 2—the fourteenth anniversary, as it happened, of his taking over command of the Allied Land Armies—Field-Marshal Montgomery, going from strength to strength, looked back to D-Day and the Normandy campaign, and his master-plan, to which he stuck, despite opposition and criticism. He gave credit to General Eisenhower, particularly for his decision (which the event proved correct) to delay the landings for twenty-four hours because of bad weather: but of the subsequent disagreements between Britain and America he spoke openly and sadly: 'It was all so unnecessary'. But the main thing was that the Germans were deceived as to our intentions and then defeated, with Monty, in every sense, carrying the day.

Some of the longest and proudest memories in Britain are to be found among the veterans in the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, which we visited on December 30. It was interesting to go right inside Wren's splendid building and enter the wards. Some of the pensioners had already re-

tired to bed, but others stayed up to be interviewed by Fyfe Robertson and Peter West, the latter occasionally adopting a jocular style presumably intended to put everyone at their ease. The pensioners' contentment, and the Governor's pride were heart-warming. 'Not an institution but a community', said one man. In the 'place where there are no tomorrows', those who have earned their retirement can look back in security and peace.

A man of eighty-seven with rather different

and out of greater experience, was C. Joyce, the headmaster of an approved school. Only the Consultant Psychiatrist spoke out against meeting violence with violence, and I admired his courage and his humanity. The discussion came opportunely with the news of another sharp increase in London's crime rate. This is alarming, not least to those who share the doctor's views, and only wonder whether a violent criminals can be called 'abnormal' in any useful sense of the word.

Those critics who made a New Year resolution not to mention Anger Young Men in 1959 had their good intention dashed on January 2 when John Osborne was the guest in 'Press Conference'. But he was restraint itself: only now and then did the fire flash, when he used the word 'boring', usually in order to describe the journalistic clichés which were being laboriously rolled towards him. Only Francis Williams seemed to have any idea what it was all about; the other three questioners addressed Mr. Osborne menacingly—'Now, you want to change the structure of society'—as if he were not an artist but a revolutionary with a bomb in each pocket.

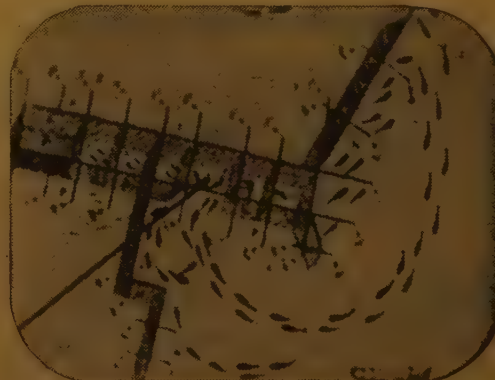
The Italia Prize documentary, *Isola di Favignana*, made for Italian television by Carlo Alberto Chiesa, and shown by the B.B.C. with an English commentary on December 31, was a faithful and dramatic record of the islanders' annual *mattanza*, when they catch the tunny-fish on which their livelihood depends. As with all foregone conclusions, one could hardly wait for the climax; when this one came it was exciting and certainly prizeworthy: the lifting of the nets, with the sea inside suddenly alive with desperate, thrashing fish (average weight 600 pounds) and the men no longer singing but shouting and cheering like men at a Cup Final.

K. W. GRANSDEN



Engraving (c. 1760) of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and Ranelagh Gardens, from the Thames: shown in 'At Home', a programme about the Chelsea pensioners, on December 30

memories gave the new 'Lifeline' series a gripping send-off (January 1). This man had spent half his life in prison and on one occasion had received eighteen strokes of the cat for robbery with violence. He recalled being strapped up and waiting for the first stroke to descend 'It knocked the entrails through your body'. The strokes were repeated every half-minute: 'Then they took you down and strapped on a vaseline plaster'. These memories provided a first-hand starting point for a discussion on corporal punishment. The man who had endured it was in favour of its being reintroduced; so, all too evidently, was Sir Thomas Moore; so, too, but more soberly



The Isle of Favignana on December 31: two studies from the Italian documentary film which won the Italia Prize in 1958: left, a woman of the island; right, diagram showing how tunny-fish are trapped at the annual *mattanza*

John Curran



George Pravda (left) as Colonel Sten, Paul Hansard as Captain Volodney, and George Murcell as Anton Rojas in *The Dark Side of the Earth* on January 3

DRAMA

Soldiers and Sailors

The Dark Side of the Earth in Rod Serling's play (January 3), was Budapest during the Rebellion and the Terror of 1956. It ended so long before its scheduled time that I surmised drastic cutting. No harm in that, since we had fed on frightfulness without stint. The piece was an astonishing choice for a Saturday night (at 7.30) programme in the Christmas holidays. True, the announcer warned off the young and the nervous, but such admonitions may be missed; in any case the accumulation of torture and execution was enough to make a normally tough adult inclined to switch off, sated with the blood-bath.

If it is argued that these things happened and must not be obscured, it can be replied that atrocities do not make a tragedy. Shakespeare, in the inexperience of youth, thought they could. Hence *Titus Andronicus*. He learned better. The interesting side of Mr. Serling's piece lay in the study of a Russian Colonel whose son had deserted to the Hungarians; when ordered to disown the youngster the father refused, and we can imagine what became of him. Here was a character worth watching. It was sensitively played by George Pravda. A Hungarian traitor and his wife were also commendably presented by George Murcell and Katherine Kath.

The play was, for me, suffocated under its load of dead or mangled bodies. This kind of physical assault on one's compassion fails, as far as I am concerned, by its own excess. Enough is as good as a feast—of horrors.

Sunday night's *The Stone Ship*, by E. D. S. Corner, offered a naval occasion. But here was no life on the ocean wave; instead we baked in a shore station under a Middle Eastern sun. In it a return-to-Britain permit was the most desirable of all things; awaiting it the young men bickered in a fretful mess-room. The back-chat seemed natural and the production by Brandon Acton-Bond from the West of England studios moved easily. The ensuing events depended for credibility on our acceptance of callous and almost unlimited villainy in Leading Telegraphist Marshall. (Kenneth Cope). A weak, wan lad (Barry Foster) was led into alcoholic, burglarious and homicidal traps and troubles by Marshall and escaped with no worse than a bash and a hang-over. There was a less conventional charac-

ter who managed to avert the worst after seeming not too good himself. Terence Longdon gave him an individual presence, sharp-spoken, ironic, and assisting the right with the least possible show of righteousness; all types had plausible performance.

It was hardly a piece likely to be acclaimed with glee by the Admiralty and its Public Relations Department. Nor was the slow motion of its first half-hour a recommendation to go on viewing; but after that, with villainy rampant, it sufficiently made a story. But would so smart a rogue as Marshall, who is urging a weakling to a risky robbery, first let him get so drunk as to be incapable?

Plays about schools centre as a rule on personalities, ranging from young Master Woodley to old Mr. Chips. In *Time Out of Mind* (January 1) Geoffrey Trease took a fresh and en-



Scene from *The Stone Ship* on January 4: (left to right) Barry Foster as Supply Assistant Brooker, Terence Longdon as Leading Supply Assistant Coke, and Kenneth Cope as Leading Telegraphist Marshall

gaging academic problem, the function of a historic Grammar School. In the mid-Victorian town of Darley the progressive business men thought their G.S. out of date. Why not alter and expand it into one of those Boarding Schools for the Sons of Gentlemen, mimic Etons at popular prices, which were springing up at that time to meet the needs of a rapidly expanding middle class? Here might be both local profit and local prestige.

The headmaster was ready, or could be prompted, to resist the plan. Since Darley's Elizabethan Charter had been given to a day-school to benefit the town and its residents, rich or poor, it was his pride to make it a model of its intended sort instead of forcing it into the new pattern of a Cliffborough or a Maltenham. The arguments on either side became rather repetitive, but the struggle of ideas and temperaments made effective theatre with the unusual addition of an adult theme. Incidentally the issue has recently become urgently topical since the Grammar Schools are now threatened from the other wing of educational opinion.

The production by Desmond Davis from the North of England studio ran smoothly. Michael Aldridge gave a clear and cogent picture of the headmaster, a devoted Greek scholar who declined a longed-for Fellowship at Oxford to stay and save his school for his town. His resolve was strengthened by a young woman of astonishing talent, a private pupil who appeared to

master the complications of the Greek language, even up to Homeric level, between spring and summer. Here was an admirable partner in learning and later in love. Ann Firbank steered her way cleverly through the girl's part which might have seemed sticky or silly with less able handling.

In pantomime I stand by the old view that girls should be boys. There is a present tendency to recruit strapping male baritones to play the Crusoes and Prince Charmings so long assigned to ladies who could show a good leg, slap a shapely thigh, and uphold the age-long masquerade. Bertram Montague's *Dick Whittington*, produced as a 'traditional pantomime' on New Year's Eve, with Jean Kent as a fine-looking and high-spirited Whittington, confirmed me in my conservatism. The traditional humours of the masculine Dame (Nat Mills) together with the back-chat and slapstick of the other drolls, though well-worn stuff, came across alive and kicking. Max Miller, as Idle Jack, fitted in well; he showed that he can roll those eloquent eyes in a form of mischief well suited to the fireside and family audience.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Ibsen at the Crossroads

IBSEN'S *Rosmersholm* is a frustrating play. It is nearly very great indeed and yet it fails. Its central theme is timeless and the artistic handling of it hints at the kind of work that Ibsen might have done if he had not subsequently felt the need to be the man of political as well as creative action. He wrote the play in 1885 on his second return to Norway when he realized humanly and understandably that he ought to take part in the struggles of the Norwegian people. The extent to which an artist can involve himself politically without fraying his creative activity at the edges is measured by an examination of *Rosmersholm* and Ibsen's subsequent work. The play marks the moment

when Ibsen became temporally involved. It comes near to triumph because it breaks through a socially conscious first act to a universal debate



Ann Firbank as Jane Waverley and Michael Aldridge as the Rev. Arthur Rawley in *Time Out of Mind* on January 1

in the last one. Of all his plays, it comes nearest to the uncommitted greatness of Strindberg, to the creativeness that makes Wilde a greater artist than Shaw. Wilde, who showed in one essay that he was a shrewder political judge than Shaw, would appreciate the irony that *Rosmersholm* fails in present ears because the social environment that Ibsen considered so important and so vital now seems improbable. Its issues are settled—for Norway at least—and it is only Ibsen's inquiry into the roots of happiness which lie in innocence and the workings of conscience that has abiding interest.

Even this inquiry is however made artificial by the besetting social environment. The dilemma facing John Rosmer and Rebecca West (Mr. Paul Scofield and Miss Irene Worth) could have been staged without resort to a social reference. Laid bare, the story of *Rosmersholm* is beautiful and whole. It could be told with two characters only, or three at the most. But Kroll (Mr. Russell Napier) intervenes, acting as Devil's Advocate and bringing with him the atmosphere of a dusty back-number library in a provincial newspaper office. He provides the political subplot which is attempting to involve Rosmer in political life. If he did no more than this his intervention would not seem completely unreal. But he is made part of the development of the main plot and in his role is forced by Ibsen to do humanly, but not dramatically, impossible things. He tempts, betrays, reveals confidences and, finally, asks Rebecca things which she would hardly ask herself. Dramatically Ibsen may be defended because Kroll's interference provides him with a way through to the climax. Creatively there seem to be flaws. Creatively it would seem that *Rosmersholm* marks Ibsen's point of no return.

The foregoing thoughts are not without reference to Mr. E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India* which was brilliantly adapted by Mr. Lance Sieveking. No single work other than this can have had more effect on the British-Indian scene and yet its preaching is implicit and not direct. Principally the story of the unfortunate Aziz is about the gulf in understanding which may exist between people in any time or place. Though the portraits of Indians and upholders of the British Raj are journalistically accurate the story moves and creates its poignancy because Mr. Forster does not allow his underlying socially conscious intent to come in the way of the creation of a work of art. As a piece of broadcasting *A Passage to India* was in any case more successful because the well-adapted novel usually lends itself to the fireside ear more easily than the stage play.

Sometimes, of course, no amount of adaptation will wash away the novel's original stickiness. Mr. Sparrow by Mr. John Montgomery was also adapted by Mr. Sieveking. It was about a bank clerk who becomes interested in a pony. The pony is sold for horse-flesh and his admirer pursues it to Antwerp where he fights a rascally ship's captain and becomes a national newspaper figure. His bank in Brighton is horrified, but he no longer cares because he has become a man. The woman who has befriended him during his pony jaunts in the Sussex Downs country has in the meantime found the lost pony and one is left with the impression that everyone lives happily ever after. Some of the scenes invoking the Downs were effective to me because I know the villages that were mentioned, but I wondered whether they would work for others who do not know Sussex. Some of the dialogue seemed unnecessarily slow and not a little of it was mawkish.

Dekker's *The Shoemakers' Holiday* in a second hearing was still a fine performance and made me wish that this production of it could be seen on the stage.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Barriers

LAST WEEK was remarkable, among other things, for an example of human volubility of speech without rival or precedent. I should think, in most people's experience. It came all the way from Australia, and Bill Harney's forty-five minute solo performance was the more formidable when you considered that it had been cut down from the original broadcast in his own country. Here indeed was a talker. Not even the dumb wife of the tale, once her tongue was unloosed, could have held her own against this vigorous and steady spate. And there was little that was repetitious, rambling, or vague about Harney's blarney—though he certainly must have kissed that stone at some time or other.

His talk (Tuesday evening, Home) was confined, if that is the word, to his experiences as an infantryman in the first world war. Its quality brought back childhood memories of uncles and their friends, re-living that four-year-old ordeal by mud and fire in a host of anecdotes compulsively repeated, but never somehow exhausted. There was something in that hugely communal yet exclusive terror which its sharers could share and re-share—without ever feeling, perhaps, that they could put it across to those outside it. Mr. Harney's talk, vivid and utterly personal as it was, seemed to sum up all these. And it carried home the conviction that that war remains the great divide of the century, and of modern civilization.

A voice from the other side of it served to emphasize this, and to explain why Mr. E. M. Forster in his own time has become both a 'period' and a permanent writer. I should not allude, perhaps, to a talk already printed here, but its indirect and dwelling quality compels. Mr. Forster's evocation of the Pomeranian landscape emphasized what I can only call the migratory homing instinct which marks him off from any other novelist, of any time or place. Only this can explain why his India is, imaginatively, so much more convincing, if deliberately less imposing, than Malraux's China or Hemingway's Spain. And the talk also contained a characteristic tribute to his selectivity. The spoliation of England was equated, neatly if sadly, with that of the Home Counties over the past fifty years. One feels that, north-west of a line from Swanage to Norwich, this writer's imagination has never cared to dwell. Now I've always thought that Blake, that cockney rustic, must have had rather a long way to look for the dark, satanic mills. But they were already there—though not in Hertfordshire.

I felt sorry for the Bishop-designate of Southwark, caught between two feminine fires, when Thursday night's 'Matters of Moment' turned its searchlight on the position and prospect of the Church of England. There was Marghanita Laski to one side of him, expecting every clergyman to be a *good man* (her italics, I should say), a sort of moral lighthouse flashing example and precept to a whole community; and on the other Ruth Pitter, who seemed to want every vicar to be a St. John of the Cross. Between the two, the Rev. Mervyn Stockwood steered a tacking course. As things went on I found that my sympathy dwindled, while interest and a certain kind of admiration increased. I began to listen for tell-tale phrases: 'We hold these—sort of—house-parties, where the chaps turn up for selection'. Hm. Quite like the Foreign Office. One felt that Miss Pitter's prospective saint would have to brush up his *savoir vivre*—and his background—if he were to be given house-room for long at one of those house-parties. The final impression was that the ideals and attitudes of the Church remain devoutly conjoined, for better or worse, with those of the Victorian public school.

Every day for the past year a figure has been seen taking a daily run round Hyde Park, starting out from Alexandra Gate. In the person of Prince Peter of Greece and Denmark, he came to the microphone and faced the inquisitors in this week's 'Frankly Speaking'. As the leading Torquemada, Miss Margaret Lane clearly felt some obligation to pursue a regular tactic of this series, and strive to uncover something—well—interesting in the woodshed. It was soon equally clear that Prince Peter's cosmopolitan, nomadic and royal family background had had no room or time for woodsheds. Explorer and anthropologist, as well as athlete, Prince Peter's researches into polyandry have led him as far as Tibet, where, it appears, all the brothers of a family tend to marry the same wife: an example of letting brotherly love continue which would surely have defied my namesake apostle's invective. After a stiff start, this was a very rewarding programme, illuminating not only a person, but people, and peoples.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

A Little-known Italian Opera

RICCARDO ZANDONAI, whose *I Cavalieri di Ekebu* was the last and by no means least interesting of the 1958 quota of operas recorded from performances abroad, was a younger contemporary of Puccini, twenty-four years younger but near enough to the throne to become an object of smouldering suspicion. Puccini, for all his apparently inexhaustible buoyancy, went through times of restlessness, generally when the next libretto could not be found which would set the music going again within him. At such moments he would notice how young Zandonai had inherited the libretto of *Conchita* which he had rejected and it made life no sweeter for him that the other man had made a success of that particular venture. Then Tito Ricordi took Zandonai under his wing. He provided the young composer with a libretto based on d'Annunzio's *Francesca da Rimini* and again Zandonai had a great success, distasteful to Puccini who never could come to terms with d'Annunzio, much as he tried to do so.

Listening to *I Cavalieri di Ekebu*, a tale from the Swedish writer Selma Lagerlöf's *Gösta Berling*, it is not difficult to realize why Zandonai was successful at first and still holds the stage in Italy whereas Puccini is performed in a hundred opera houses the world over, where Zandonai is little more than a name, his music a historic exhibit. This work is free from any taint of inexpert technique. The music is melodious, manifestly an adequate medium for drama of the realistic type then in favour among the Italian veristic composers: there is abundant inventiveness and the orchestration is rich. It is a well-nourished score and it runs to fat, which is something the music of Puccini managed to escape. It may well be that this athletic animal vigour has kept Puccini's work alive and its absence caused Zandonai's to wilt.

This broadcast was excellent. Thanks to a concise and informative introduction written by Julian Herbage, we were able to recognize the more important aspects of the plot. The music, well sung and played, sounded agreeable in a somewhat lush way and if one was frequently soothed into forgetfulness there were moments when attention was sternly aroused and fairly consistently held. Opera broadcasts of unknown works are a test of enthusiasm, this rather less than most because the story is not of a nature to arouse passionate interest nor is the music anything more than entertaining.

Handel's *Samson*, relayed from Covent Garden, was in no way a test of intelligent, alert listening though it may have stretched endurance to breaking-point in the case of some unwary

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opera enthusiast who had not noticed that it was carefully and truthfully billed as a Dramatic Oratorio. But for anyone sympathetic to the Handelian aesthetic there was no difficulty in keeping mentally alert. If Zandonai had sometimes failed in that respect, leaving one as much ashamed as bewildered, Handel using less force and greater subtlety held us comfortably in thrall. Raymond Leppard, having somewhat enlivened things since the opening night by taking an easier pace in the more solemn numbers, there was little trace of the uglier qualities of British oratorio performance except in the choral singing which still calls for a firmer lead, indeed many such.

Solid in workmanship, balanced in judgment

of form and its development, logical in the processes of its thought, that is a selection from the outstanding virtues apparent to at least one listener to the modern Swiss music played by the Harvey Phillips String Orchestra. This was reassuring music for ears surfeited by experiment. Frank Martin's *Passacaille* (1952) sounded rich without becoming indigestible; a convincing blend of the older and new diatonics and altogether a rewarding work. Similarly Willy Burkhard's *Cello Concertino* (1940), in a revealing interpretation by Christopher Bunting, gave the impression that keen thought had gone to its creation, an energetic mental activity that was still vital as the printed notes were made audible again. This is fine impassioned writing with an

eloquence that has the immediacy of clear graphic art. It shows, too, a characteristic much to my taste, something not purely original, merely a small but, I think, impressive trait. It is the way Burkhard starts as though the music had begun before we were permitted to hear it; the continuation of an idea. And it ends as though more could be said, or possibly was even then being said, about that idea and its manifold implications. Work in progress, it seemed.

Both pieces are formed broadly and exist in depth; long thoughts displayed and manipulated by two composers who, at that moment, appeared as inheritors of old cultures; but not servile about it, neither hide-bound conservators of tradition nor yet rootless empiricists.

SCOTT GODDARD

Michael Tippett and the Piano Concerto

By WILFRID MELLERS

Tippett's Concerto will be broadcast at 8.20 p.m. on Thursday, January 15 (Third)

MICHAEL TIPPETT is a unique figure in British music, perhaps in European music, today, and one to be grateful for: his music, though 'modern' in its complexity, is fundamentally life-giving, even gay. This was evident even in *A Child of Our Time*, the oratorio that marked the first milestone in Tippett's career: for although the subject was grim and urgently contemporary, the work ended with an affirmation of life. The choral polyphony swells, the solo vocal writing burgeons into ecstatic arabesque. What keeps us alive, the music tells us, is the human impulse to dance and sing, whatever the bestiality of man to man.

The second phase in Tippett's career culminates in his opera *The Midsummer Marriage*, which differs from the oratorio in starting from, rather than ending with, the affirmation of life. There is little twentieth-century art in any medium that is celebrative in this sense. It does not ignore the terrors within the psyche, nor their projections in the external world; but in singing and dancing it effects 'the heart's assurance'—to quote the title of the song-cycle that Tippett wrote, probably, as a preludial study for his opera.

Certainly *The Heart's Assurance* was the first work in which Tippett's long-breathed melody and sprung rhythm flowered into what one might call creative ornamentation. Though the music is a new sound, its roots are in tradition, especially in English music of the seventeenth century. Thus the compulsive rhythm is a more extravagant version of the Purcellian tension between vocal inflexion and physical dance movement; the polyphonically derived harmony intensifies the seventeenth-century partiality for modal variety and false relation; while the flowering of the lines into ever smaller note-values parallels the seventeenth-century technique of 'divisions on a ground'. There is a baroque, sensuously exciting quality in the curling tendrils of Tippett's vocal line and piano texture; yet—as with such seventeenth-century masters as William Lawes, Jenkins, and Purcell—the sustained lift of the melodies gives the music a spiritual buoyancy also.

The midsummer marriage is itself the mating of the senses' joy with the spirit's mystery: which is what the much-maligned libretto is about. Of course it is difficult to write allegory in a society that, believing itself to be rationalistic, has grown out of the habit of thinking allegorically. But to take one's operatic mythology from Jungian psychology seems a natural, even rationally sensible, procedure for a twentieth-century artist; poetically conceived, such

mythology must strike deep, without need of intellectual explanation. Tippett's libretto seems to me the only kind of book he could have set; I suspect he had to formulate this poetic statement because he had reached a crisis in his musical development. Technical limitations are always, perhaps, imaginative inhibitions; here Tippett sheds his inhibitions and, having solved his problems within the psyche, can project them into words, music, and dance. The *Ritual Dances* in particular are magical in the old, truly ritualistic sense. They offer not illusion but a revelation of the deepest compulsions, the primeval joys and fears, from which our lives draw sustenance. Making us whole, they root us once more in earth and air and rain.

Tippett has attempted to develop this 'magical' vein in the two large-scale works he has composed since the opera, the Second Symphony and the Piano Concerto. Significantly he said of the latter work that his intention—inspired by a superlative performance of Beethoven's G major Concerto—was to create a lyrical rather than a dynamic concerto. The piano was to be used not heroically or dramatically, but as a melodic instrument that also lent itself to ornamental arabesque. As in the *Ritual Dances* the sound often suggests running waters, rustling leaves, a glinting of sunlight, a dance of dust-motes in the air. The sense of being airborne derives both from the length and fluidity of the lines and also from the dominance of fourth-founded, rather than triadic, chords in both orchestral harmony and piano figuration. In the first movement the music swirls onwards, unbroken, as the opening cantabile theme, descending scalewise, continuously flows into more ornate melismata. The tonality, at first rooted in a kind of Lydian A flat (but with C as bass) also grows freer in the development, though the persistent fourths create an unusually homogeneous texture. The free recapitulation ends quietly, with superimposed fourths still prominent in the brass as a more regular dotted rhythm in six-eight lulls the dancing atoms to rest. The final A flat chord is still in first inversion, with C as bass.

In the slow movement the orchestral texture begins in linear style, spare and canonic, the themes being built mainly on melodic fourths and minor sevenths. Into and around this the piano weaves weird arpeggios in irregular periods that do not coincide with the orchestral bar-lines. The piano's basic harmonies (sevenths, ninths, elevenths, thirteenths) are darkly sensuous, though much of its figuration is filled out in parallel fourths, and arabesques of arpeggiated fourths reappear, high up, in the latter part of

the movement. The starkly contrapuntal orchestral writing has a liturgical—or maybe ritualistically pagan—flavour, while the measureless swirl of the piano figuration suggests the welling waters of the unconscious. The orchestral horn and trumpet calls seem to provoke the piano's passion; and at the same time the piano communicates its rhapsody to the orchestra. So the climax of the movement becomes an antiphonal dialogue between piano and orchestra (as in the slow movement of Beethoven's Fourth): during which the piano develops a more song-like calm. The undulating fourths are still present in the accompaniment.

Though tonally free, the slow movement begins and ends in B, which perhaps stands for C flat in relation to the first movement's A flat. The last movement moves up another third to E flat; but it is an E flat with a subdominant flavour and a still more pronounced hint of C. In a sense this free rondo is the simplest movement, for despite the fecundity of melodic material and the variety of cross-accent it is based unambiguously on dance movement; our feet are, as it were, beating the earth, rather than kicking in air or swishing in water. The dotted six-eight rhythm of the conclusion of the first movement here comes into its own. Superimposed fourths still dominant the harmony and are used in arpeggio form as pianistic decoration to the more lyrical 'tempo 2' theme. The rondo-like characteristics of the movement do not, however, make it episodic. It surges onwards to conclude in cascades of quaver octaves in six-eight rhythm, apparently liberated from tonal fetters yet gravitating towards C minor and finally tumbling on to a C major triad. This resolves the B-equals-C-flat tension of the slow movement and fulfils the mystery of the low Cs that form the bass to the dulcet A flat of the first movement.

Tippett's Concerto is a remarkable and highly original work; but it is not as completely realized as the *Ritual Dances* nor, perhaps, as *The Midsummer Marriage* as a whole. In the opera the complexity is the music's radiance; in effect, that is, it is not complex at all. In the Concerto the complexity seems at times to defeat its own ends. Some composers, like Britten, marvellously fulfil their imaginative intentions in each work; others, like Tippett, have to make a long spiritual pilgrimage towards each 'realization'. Certainly Tippett's realizations are worth waiting for. We can have no doubt that, after the radiant affirmation of *The Midsummer Marriage*, he has a fresh goal in sight, though neither the Concerto nor the Second Symphony has fully revealed its nature.

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What is Hard about Chess?

By GERALD ABRAHAM

SOME years ago I found myself called upon to comfort a rather unsophisticated competitor in a British Championship, who complained that he had played well, in fact he had followed the book; that he had obtained good positions in every one of seven games; that, for some reason or other, he had lost the lot, whereas I, whom he had seen wallowing in bad, or at least ununderstandable, positions, had managed to secure a respectable number of points. He thought there was something strange about this. But I clarified matters for him. 'You', I said, 'get good positions. I, on the other hand, make good moves. Games of chess are won by good moves, not by good positions. Moreover, you get your good positions too early. You find yourself burdened with the complex task of keeping them good. I, on the other hand, unprodigal of my treasures, and making my good moves at appropriate times, am never involved in a good position until my opponent resigns'.

Looking for the Best Move

I cannot add to this story a statement that my interlocutor was comforted. Nor do I say that what I told him is doctrine that can be accepted without a good deal of interpretation. But I will say that it is not mere paradox. I will say that a good chess player does not think in terms of his positions at any one moment. Positions are occasions for moves. If he appears to have in any position more scope than his opponent, or more material, with no compensating disadvantage, then he knows that he is in the presence of Fata Morgana—that he must not relax, that he cannot afford second-best moves. In other words, he has to fight against the inertia which accompanies the appearances of prosperity. The ideal player, who, of course, does not exist, makes the best move every time. May I add that frequently the best move does not exist. But every player should always be on the lookout for it. Thinking in terms of position is only legitimate in this way—that along certain perspectives, along certain lines of play, you see the possible crystallization of a strategic advantage, or you see that now you have a strategic advantage which you must try not to lose. And, once again, you are faced with the chess player's real problem: What should I do now? What's my move? That means: What move now enables me to cope with as many replies as I can see, as far ahead as I can see?

This is the task which anyone can observe who plays chess at a serious level, or who plays carefully through the games of masters. Why did Botvinnik do this, and not that? Why did Smyslov make one choice and not another? That is the same question as 'What should I do now?'

It is often, not always, a hard question. If you have, or have developed, some vision, then it is interesting rather than hard. The answer will often come fairly quickly. Sometimes, if you

sit and think, ideas will drift in from the stratosphere. But staring at the board for a long time is not a good method. The selectivity of your mind—your mental scanner—will quickly reveal what there is to be thought about: what lines of play must be examined—played through mentally, with the mind's eye wide open for resources available to your opponent and yourself. If the obvious line leads to advantage, look quickly at others but come back to it; if it leads to difficulties, look more deliberately at other lines. But whatever time you are spending, try to use it in thought. Better to save energy than to endeavour to find more than your capacity is likely to excavate.

Much Faster than It Appears

On that reasoning do not be impressed or depressed by the great lengths of time that other players consume. A good deal of this time is not occupied on constructive thinking at all, but in repetitions, and in vain regrets. An occasional prodigy like Reshevsky (by nature an extremely fast player) can 'fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distant thought', and can concentrate with that intensity for more than an hour. But this is perfectionism, which has kept him more than once from the World Championship, and is not typical even of the highest levels. Every player has to think when there is something to think about. He also has to make a number of moves without dying of old age and exhaustion. In real psychological fact, chess is much faster than it appears. The model for all of us is Capablanca, who never in his life got into time trouble.

Another danger that besets the chess player is the discouragement that can supervene when he contemplates the wealth of learning that surrounds the game. It is as well to bear in mind some truths about this. Bear in mind the fact that most good players were good before they knew of the existence of books of opening variations and general theory. Secondly, good players have to be good when there is no book guidance. Thirdly, the stuff that goes into books is the good play of good players. Just as the orator inspires the book of rhetoric, and the great writer the grammarian, so the chess player makes the book, not the book the player.

Books No Substitute for Skill

Certainly, books are not useless. But they must be made subordinate to practical play. At best they help the player to organize and discipline his thought, but they offer no substitute for skill. Anyone who sets out to learn lines of a play by heart is setting about chess the wrong way. He is aiming at remembering, instead of seeing and thinking. True, it is helpful to be shown something hard to see. But there is very little in the opening (I do not say nothing at all) which absolutely must be learned. There is very little in the opening—or anywhere—which is not a soluble problem for the unaided mind.

It helps, also, to be shown a nice analysis in any phase of the game, but only in the way that a poet is helped by reading poetry, or in the way that a good disputant likes to hear a good disputation. It is always helpful 'to frequent, doctor and saint and hear great argument'. But if one merely learns the uttered word by rote, one takes very little out by the door at which one entered.

If you try to learn chess by heart, you will be repeating, at best, what some players saw and did for themselves. You will get a few good positions, but you will have my old friend's difficulty in making good moves. If, on the other hand, from your own experience, you get a feeling for what is active and progressive, and what is static or waste of time, you will be using a better equipment than the memory of lines of play can provide.

No 'Learning' Memory Needed

Chess does involve memory, but not a 'learning' memory. It is not without interest that some good players (a minority) have had bad memories. That brilliant performer the late Jacques Mieses could not remember his own games. On the other hand, Rubinstein, who had a prodigious 'learning' memory, never seemed to use it; and his greatest games are original at all stages, and echo the past only as the poetry of one great poet echoes that of another.

What is hard about chess? I hope I have shown that some of the difficulties believed to exist do not exist. I have done this, perhaps, by revealing other difficulties. But to anyone who is keen on chess, much of the game is as easy as the expression of his thoughts in his native language. But, as Simonides put it many centuries ago, *χαλεπὸν ἐσθλὸν ἔμμεναι*, 'It is difficult to become excellent'.—*Network Three*

On a Summer Shore

Soft lulling sea
Like Circe innocent,
(Who of necessity
Was the enchantress that she had to be)
O sea of fingering foam
Do you believe
You can like her so perfectly deceive?
Though brown Ulysses smiled
In calm content
To find her face his home,
The very pebbles that your skill has ground,
Your simple sand,
Are not by any interlude beguiled;
They understand
Deep in their quiet core
Your absolute might,
They know in winter that tyrannic sound,
Your thunder on the shore,
On them have lain all night
The heavy drowned.

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Bridge Forum

Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Question 1

(from Mr. J. C. Graham, Cressington Park, Liverpool, 19)

My partner and I could not agree about a bid made by West after he had opened One Spade and his partner had responded Two Clubs. West's hand was:

♠ A Q 8 7 4 ♥ K J 5 ♦ 10 9 ♣ A K 4

West rebid Three Spades and was raised to Four on J x. The trumps broke badly and the contract was down. I said I would have bid Three Clubs on his hand. What do you think?

Answer by Terence Reese

It is a difficult call because the strength of the hand demands more than a minimum rebid such as Two Spades or Three Clubs. Two No Trumps is unsuitable because of the lack of a guard in diamonds, and the spades are weak for Three Spades. The modern fashion—I put it no higher—is to rebid Two Hearts as the least of evils.

Question 2

(from Mrs. Aileen Jones, Portsmouth Road, Camberley, Surrey)

I would be grateful if you would define the correct bid for the ordinary sixpenny country club player on the following two hands, both of which were opened with a call of Three Clubs:

(a) ♠ J 10 ♥ A 4 ♦ K Q 6 ♣ Q J 8 7 5 3

(b) ♠ 5 4 ♥ 7 ♦ 6 3 ♣ A Q J 10 7 5 4 3

Answer by Harold Franklin

Weak pre-emptive openings should be reserved for hands almost without defensive values and should be generally based on a suit of not fewer than seven cards. Hand (a) therefore is much better opened with a bid of One Club. Hand (b) is one on which the vulnerability, which I am not given, might be a determining factor. It might well be opened with a bid of Three Clubs when vulnerable against non-vulnerable opponents. In other circumstances it could qualify for the bolder pre-empt of Four Clubs.

Question 3

(from Mrs. E. Evans of West Bridgford, Notts)

Could you give a ruling on a matter of controversy that has arisen amongst my bridge friends? In this town our convention is the Nottingham One Club, and in a cup competition a player who had the requisite number of points did not open in accordance with the convention. When challenged after the game, he maintained that he was justified in deceiving his partner. The opponent said that according to page 41, paragraph 2, of The Laws he might deceive his partner but was definitely improper in deceiving his opponents.

Answer by Terence Reese

Bridge writers have to answer this question, or a variation of it, a hundred times a year. I have a standard reply: a convention in bidding

is an agreement between partners, not an undertaking to the opponents.

Question 4

(from J. Riley, 180 Burnt Ash Hill, London S.E.12)

In a recent south-east London Bridge League match North-South were employing a weak opening No Trump (12-14 points) and South dealt and opened One No Trump. What should North have responded with the following hand?

♠ 4 ♥ A J ♦ 9 8 7 6 5 ♣ A J 10 9 4

Answer by Harold Franklin

One could make sure of a plus score by passing or bidding two of a minor, but this is clearly the type of hand on which we might easily run nine tricks, although short of points. The queen of clubs in partner's hand might make that suit worth five tricks—A x x x of diamonds might make that suit worth four tricks and it is therefore worth the risk of opponents being able to find the setting tricks in a major. Since the determining factor is going to be not how many points partner has but rather whether he has fitting cards, there is no point in temporizing with Two No Trumps. My choice therefore is Three No Trumps.

[Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer further questions next week. Listeners' problems should be addressed to The Editor, THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London W.1, the envelope marked 'Bridge Forum']

Report on Christmas Competition by Harold Franklin

Question 1

| SOUTH | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
|-------|--------|-------|------|
| 1 S | No Bid | 3 D | 4 C |

South holds. ♠ A J 8 7 5 ♥ K 10 6 4
♦ K 5 ♣ A 3

What should South bid? Give first, second and third choices.

This question carried the main award, with, naturally, the accent on the first choice. Only four entrants made what seems, to me, the outstandingly best bid—No Bid. South has a good hand, but the bidding has already been considerably crowded and he still knows little of the nature of his partner's force. By passing he enables his partner to give further information while still preserving the maximum bidding.

As second choice—Four Diamonds. If partner's force is based on a good diamond suit it may be important to take the earliest opportunity to show the important honour. A bid of either Four Hearts or Four Spades may well not leave room to show this feature.

Four Hearts is my third choice. Many competitors made Double one of their choices. This seems to me about the worst of the many alter-

natives. After partner's force there is every reason to hope for a slam contract in some suit and the double suggests the contrary—we hope for no trump tricks other than those East expected to lose when he bid Four Clubs: that is generally a good guide as to the advisability of doubling.

Five Clubs was also a bid which had many supporters, but that is a bid which South is best advised to keep in reserve for the next round when he might have a better idea as to what the trump suit is likely to be.

Question 2

With North-South vulnerable South opens Four Spades and all pass. West leads the King of Diamonds and this is what East sees.

NORTH

♠ 8 5
♥ A K J 9 7 5
♦ Q J 10 8
♣ Q

EAST

♠ 7
♥ 8 6
♦ 9 7 6 3
♣ A J 9 7 5 2

The declarer ruffs the first diamond and leads a club on which West plays the king. How should East plan the defence and why?

A defensive play found a unanimity of opinion amongst the competitors—all took the only possible, albeit remote, chance of defeating the contract, by overtaking the king of clubs and returning a trump.

Question 3

North-South Game.

| NORTH | EAST | SOUTH | WEST |
|--------|--------|-------|--------|
| 1 D | No Bid | 2 C | 2 S |
| 3 C | 3 H | 3 NT | 4 H |
| No Bid | No Bid | 6 C | No Bid |
| No Bid | No Bid | | |

West holds. ♠ A Q 8 7 5 3 ♥ Q 10 4
♦ Q 6 5 ♣ 7

What should West lead?

West's unfortunate diamond holding suggests that, given time, the declarer can develop that suit well enough to make his twelve tricks. West's best chance is to find two quick tricks, and there is no better hope of doing that than by leading the ace of spades in the hope of a ruff on the second round.

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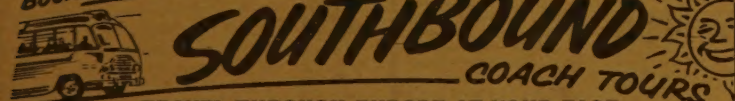
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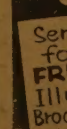
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Suggestions for the Housewife

COCKTAIL SAVOURIES

HAVE READY plenty of cooked pastry shells or *vol-au-vent*, and then prepare these fillings.

First, chop up very finely a mixture of beetroot, celery, and tomato. Add a sprinkling of celery salt and pepper, then a little salad dressing and a dash of pineapple juice. To this basic mixture add potted shrimps (keeping the buttery top for savoury sandwiches), or some well-forked smoked salmon, or mashed sardine. Garnish with little chopped celery.

The second mixture is for spreading on thin, plain biscuits. Mix cream or cottage cheese and some finely chopped nuts—say, pistachio. When the biscuits are covered, add to each a tiny drop of redcurrant, blackberry, or crab-apple jelly, or damson or gooseberry jam. This gives tang and colour contrast, and makes the spread both sweet and savoury.

A flabby biscuit has no place at anyone's party, so make sure that the biscuits are really crisp to begin with. You can do this by standing them in a cooling-off oven, or in a tin on top of the kitchen boiler.

EVA CROSSLEY

RECENT COOKERY BOOKS

A curious and attractive new (or old) cookery book is *Apicius: The Roman Cookery Book* (Harrap, 18s.). Some of the recipes in it date from the first century, A.D. Indeed, the whole book is a fourth or fifth-century compilation in Latin, now printed with an English translation

on the facing pages. It is the only Roman cookery book to have survived from the ancient world. Although accessible before in various German and Italian editions (with one out-of-the-way American translation of 1936), this new edition will make the work much more generally available to scholars. But its virtue, also, is that it has been lovingly edited by two authors, the late Barbara Flower and Elizabeth Rosenbaum, who understand good food and good cooking and who have arranged Roman dinner-parties themselves to test the book out. In their own words: 'The book is meant to be used as a cookery book rather than read as a curiosity of literature'.

Practical recipes for discerning cooks are given by Georgina Landemare in *Recipes from No. 10* (Collins, 18s.). Lady Churchill, in a foreword to the book, says: 'Mrs. Landemare's food is distinguished. She is an inspired and intuitive cook'. Three hundred and sixty recipes are described, ranging from *pot-au-feu* to a wedding cake. The book is decorated with drawings by Selma Nankivell.

While on a journey by car from London to India, Robin Howe collected recipes from France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Syria, The Lebanon, Jordan, Iraq, Iran, Pakistan, and India. These she prints, with comments on private and public eating habits in the different countries, in *A Cook's Tour* (Dent, 25s.). This is primarily a book for venturesome cooks with families who will not wince at octopus, sucking pig, or a *ragout* of frogs' legs, but

it also contains dishes acceptable to the more conservative.

Notes on Contributors

SIR JOCK CAMPBELL (page 47): Chairman of Booker Bros., McConnell & Co., Ltd., a business enterprise with extensive sugar interests in British Guiana; Chairman of Commonwealth Sugar Exporters' Group since 1950

T. B. SMITH (page 51): Professor of Scots Law, University of Aberdeen, since 1949; author of *Doctrines of Judicial Precedent in Scots Law*

JOHN HALCRO FERGUSON (page 53): South American correspondent of *The Observer*; author of *South America*, etc.

DOROTHY EMMET (page 57): Professor of Philosophy at Manchester University since 1946; author of *The Nature of Metaphysical Thinking*, etc.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE (page 61): Lecturer in Philosophy at Leeds University; author of *The Unconscious*

A. ALVAREZ (page 63): has recently lectured on English literature at Princeton University; author of *The Shaping Spirit*

MARY WARNOCK (page 64): Lecturer in Philosophy at Oxford and Tutor at St. Hugh's

WILFRID MELLERS (page 80): critic and composer; his works include an opera, *Christopher Marlowe*; author of *François Couperin* and *The Sonata Principle*

GERALD ABRAHAM (page 83): barrister; author of *Teach Yourself Chess*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,493. Theme and Variations—III. By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, January 15. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Five theme-words, A, B, C, D, and E, have something in common. Each of these words has a pair of variations, each pair having a certain relationship to its own theme-word. The relationship is not necessarily the same in all five cases. E.g., if theme-word A were 'spring', its variations might be 'well' and 'spa'; and if theme-word B were 'summer', its variations might be 'one' and 'swallow'.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. I'm concerned with time, at being held by the pulse (5)
5. You can't get a bushy tail docked if you haven't a bean! (5)
9. The corridor is swamped with beer (5)



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13. A sad place for some Scots, though half the income is spent in gaiety (7)
15. I must get withdrawn from the report for the old Chronicle (4)
16. He shares with others a bigger stretch, having given the chief a fourpenny one! (10)
20. Sun-hat from Paris trimmed with a bit of georgette in the middle (5)
21. A dash of lemon squeezed into golden-brown pancake (5)
22. Lily, somewhat gaudy, goes right off the rails (4) . . .
23. . . . But an Indian goes circle-wise (5)
28. Theme-word A (6). Variations: 9A (4) and 24 (6)
30. A braced framework needs a lock that can take a grip (5)
32. Over in Aberdeen, a curse is made to turn about (4)
36. According to the Bible, ruins a great number (5)
38. Tender, well-cooked fowl (4)
39. Leader of emigrants to set about quartet for spending the summer only (10)
43. Most shrewd at embracing pin-up girls when I can't be there! (7)
44. Theme-word B (5). Variations: 17 (4) and 34A (5)
47. You'll need most of the wing to accommodate your alcohol base (5)

DOWN

3. Japanese guard gets a vital statistic looked up (5)
4. Theme-word C (5). Variations: 45 (4) and 1D (3)
5. The commanders have quite a chin-wag (4)
6. It's bleak outside and not much of an improvement inside—crisps! (6)
7. See a Yankee refuse a trick when there's half a cent in it (5)
8. A French female needs to be filled with praise to relax (7)
9. They may offer you love in a built-up part of the beach! (5)
10. Greene is at variance with the active powers (8)
14. Gloucester's son responsible for perhaps unruly Elizabethan rising (5)
18. In the cool air, the king can't finish half the scones! (8)
19. Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie! (3)
20. The generator's suddenly alight (3)
21. Rich lady's protectors (7)
22. There's frost in the porch apertures (7)
25. The rope used by the great Alexander (5)
26. Link in a dignitary's chain being sawn off (3)

27. Quite an actor, he makes you sit up in the pictures (6)
29. A single to leg contributes to the current total (3)
31. Theme-word D (5). Variations: 11 (7) and 40 (5)
33. Theme-word E (5). Variations: 46 (5) and 2 (3)
34. The League required a pound reduction for a penalty, once (5)
35. The noise of a Colt nearly drowns the start of Even-song (5)
37. Reluctant to build one's destiny on the terrible bomb (4)
41. The old faith is doomed; just fit for a good neighbour (3)
42. This king ruled the elves queerly, sacrificing a heifer (3)

Solution of Christmas Crossword

No. 1,491

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| L | E | T | H | N | N | N | N | I | W | I | F |
| T | S | L | O | A | T | A | T | F | L | S | C |
| E | L | H | M | A | C | T | L | S | E | L | L |
| I | T | O | H | T | O | E | N | C | I | L | I |
| A | R | T | H | N | S | I | N | T | G | S | S |
| E | E | G | M | F | A | W | S | R | E | T | |
| C | U | R | I | H | M | L | A | C | S | E | |
| A | A | H | O | O | L | M | E | N | I | M | R |
| V | E | C | R | I | T | Y | A | R | O | E | A |
| M | O | S | T | S | E | H | A | C | H | M | I |
| H | E | S | I | H | C | S | S | O | H | E | |
| F | R | R | T | S | F | A | A | T | E | M | R |
| O | H | D | I | M | S | E | K | E | M | R | |

NOTES

A words

Across: 1. Loftily; 2. thinner; 4. pinnies; 6. alewife; 8. mislctoe; 10. Hatfield; 11. health; 13. compactly; 16. stellate; 18. thought; 19. open-cast; 20. limpet; 22. farthings; 24. ingests; 26. elegies; 27R. family; 28. whiskered; 29. curtain; 32. molar; 33. accuser; 34. schoolman; 36. enigmas; 38. encrinures; 41. carouses; 43. composites; 45. searchlight; 47. chromium; 49. Hesione; 50. success; 51. soothes; 53. ferrets; 54. l-aureate; 55. Ophidia; 56. immense; 57. formerly.

Down: 1. Talipes; 2. Homeric; 3. contact; 5. pentacle; 6. fowler; 7. fickle; 9. saltire; 12. photographing; 14. antonym; 15. materialist; 16. scraichers; 17. idolises; 21. masterpiece; 23. Hyperion; 25. Grecian; 26R. vendace; 28. wastage; 30. guaranteed; 31. foisonless; 32. complete; 33. Androcles; 35. mythical; 37. mermaid; 39. crossbred; 40. artiste; 42. coal-hole; 44. overhasty; 45R. finishes; 46R. sea-shells; 48. imagery; 49R. offhand; 52. rhymers.

The verse, read along consecutive S.W.-N.E. diagonals beginning in the N.W., is by Watts Duntun 'Christmas Tree', as given in Cassell's *Classified Quotations*.

1st prize: J. D. Lomax (Prestwich); 2nd prize: F. G. Simms (London, N.W.8); 3rd prize: H. S. Cotterill (Manchester, 8)

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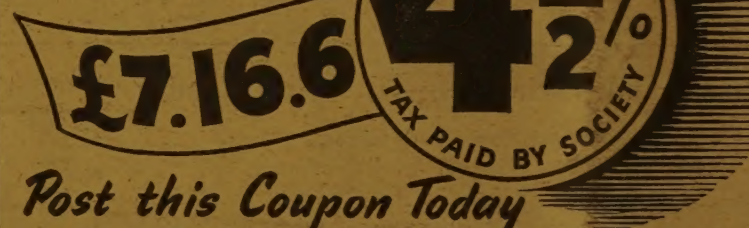
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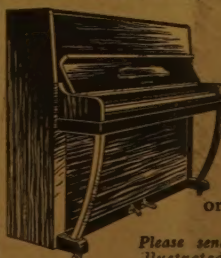
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